National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 10. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,102.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,

AT THE

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION AT FRAMINGHAM,

July 4, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have not attempted to address an audience for the last ten months, in consequence of a bronchial difficulty, from which I have been slowly recovering. It gives me no pleasure to speak when I cannot make myself distinctly heard, and I am sure it can give others no pleasure to hear me, if my voice comes to them broken and faint. I have, therefore, been silent during the day; always, indeed, preferring to hear others, rather than myself. My time to speak was thirty years ago, and *I improved the opportunity* (applause). But, to-day, when thousands of tongues are loosed to plead the glorious cause of universal freedom, why should I be called to take this stand? "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, is wasteful and ridiculous excess"; and in this roar of cannon and clash of arms, I am well content to be silent.

Of course, I believe that all our difficulties are in consequence of the existence of slavery in our country; that that is the evil fountain from which all our bitter waters have flowed; and that this will prove an almost idiotic war, if it shall not end in the total abolition of slavery (applause). I do not believe the government can have the success it is seeking in this struggle, unless liberty shall be proclaimed by it "throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." I voted, therefore, very cordially, for the resolution offered by my friend Mr. Foster, calling upon the government to seize this favorable opportunity, which, in the providence of God, has been put into its hands, to finish the war, to remove the root of bitterness forever from among us, and to make it possible for us to mingle together, North and South, like kindred drops, and form a Union based upon justice and freedom, from the Atlantic to the Pacific (applause). I believe we are growing up to this conviction, in accordance with the sentiments of John Quincy Adams, rehearsed in the hearing of the nation on three several occasions, declaring it perfectly constitutional, on the part of the government, under the war power, in an exigency like the present, to abolish the slave system at a blow; and I say there ought to go up one voice from all parts of the country, demanding of the Commander-in-chief of our army, that he immediately let the slaves of the South go *Scott* free! (Laughter and applause.)

There are those who say that the war is not waged to abolish slavery. Granted! They say it is to uphold the flag. Granted! It is to maintain the government. Granted! But this is certain—the government and the flag—as my friend, Mr. Wright, so justly observed—are now regarded with fierce malignity and unconquerable hatred by the slave oligarchy, and utterly repudiated by them; and, for one, in this anomalous state of things, I do not feel disposed to be severely critical upon President Lincoln—at least, as long as he makes himself an outlaw south of Mason and Dixon's line, in company with myself! (Applause.) Indeed, after so long a time, I am getting into very respectable society (laughter). Even Edward Everett, to-day, in the city of New York, utters language which would make it perilous for him to show himself in any part of the Southern Confederacy. So, whether he likes it or not, he stands by my side, involved in the same condemnation; and they would give him a coat of tar and feathers as readily as they would me. "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes" (applause.)

I cannot say that I do not sympathize with the government, as against Jefferson Davis and his piratical associates. There is not a drop of blood in my veins, both as an Abolitionist and a peace man, that does not flow with the Northern tide of sentiment; for I see, in this grand uprising of the manhood of the North, which has been so long grovelling in the dust, a growing appreciation of the value of liberty and of free institutions, and a willingness to make any sacrifice in their defense against the barbaric and tyrannical power which avows its purpose, if it can, to crush them entirely out of existence. When the government shall succeed (if it shall succeed) in "conquering a peace," in subjugating the South, and shall undertake to carry out the Constitution as of old, with all its pro-slavery compromises, then will be my time to criticize, reprove and condemn; then will be the time for me to open all the guns that I can bring to bear upon it. But, blessed be God, that "covenant with death" has been annulled, and that "agreement with hell" no longer stands. I joyfully accept the fact, and leave all verbal criticism until a more suitable opportunity. There is no American Union as hitherto. Eleven of the slave States are in the Southern Confederacy, and the government maintains its power over the others only by Northern bayonets. All the slave States are a unit, except so far as they are kept down by those bayonets. Surely, that is not the old Union! Subjugation and conquest are not fraternity and peace! And we shall not again unite; though in saying this, I frankly declare that my faith is not so much in the virtue of the North as in the diabolism of the South ("hear, hear"). It is because God has "given them over to believe a lie, that they may be damned"—and their damnation is sure (applause).

Under these circumstances, I take great courage, and am full of hope. I should cry, "Shame to the people of the North!" if they did not, with their principles, and their ideas of government, come up to the support of the Administration, offering all they have of blood and treasure, until this band of conspirators shall be put down, and slavery utterly obliterated. What we ought to do is to take the resolution we have just adopted,* put it into our hearts, plead for it everywhere, and create a great Northern sentiment, which shall irresistibly demand of the Administration, under the war power, the emancipation of every slave in the land; and then God will give us peace and prosperity, and we shall have, for the first time, a "great and glorious Union" (applause).

Oh, Mr. President, how it delights my heart when I think that the worst thing we propose to do for the South is the very best thing that God or men can do! That while they are confiscating our property, refusing to pay their honest Northern debts, covering the ocean with their piratical privateers, tarring and feathering, hanging, and driving out innocent Northern citizens from their borders, all we threaten to do, in the excess of our wrath, as a retaliatory measure, is to abolish their iniquitous and destructive slave system, and thus give them light for darkness, good for evil, heaven for perdition! (Loud applause.) Yes, we will make it possible for them to be a happy and prosperous people, as they never have been, and never can be, with slavery. We will make it possible for them to have free schools, and free presses, and free institutions, as we do at the North. We will make it possible for the South to be "as a garden of God," under the plastic touch of liberty; and for the nation to attain unparalleled glory, greatness and renown. Assuredly, we have no enmity to the South; the enmity is on the other side. Liberty knows how to be magnanimous, forbearing, long-suffering, patient, hopeful; and therefore it is that, in the very whirlwind which is now sweeping over the land, Southern men as safely reside among us as they ever did. They are not threatened with tar and feathers, nor compelled to flee from our presence because of their Southern origin, but enjoy unimpaired all their constitutional rights. The brutality, the barbarity, the demonism, are all at the South. Yet, I pray you to remember that the slaveholders are just as merciful and forbearing as they can be in their situation—not a whit more brutal, bloody, satanic, than they are obliged to be in the terrible exigencies in which, as slaveholders, they are placed. They are men of like passions with ourselves; they are of our common country; and if we had been brought up in the midst of slavery, as they have been—if we had our property in slaves, as they have—if we had had the same training and education that they have received—of course, we should have been just as much disposed to do all in our power to support slavery, and to put down freedom, by the same atrocious acts, as themselves. The tree bears its natural fruit—like causes will produce like effects. But let us return them good for evil, by seizing this opportunity to deliver them from their deadliest curse—that is Christian. I was really amused at what I will call the ferocious kindness and generosity of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, as exhibited a short time since in an article from the pen of Col. Webb, whose indignation was hotly excited by the act of Jefferson Davis commissioning privateers to sweep our vessels from the seas. Waxing hot as Vesuvius, he said to the Southern confederates, "If you dare to touch one of our merchant ships, we will not leave one of your slaves in his fetters!" A fearful threat, to be sure! If you commit outrages upon us, we will confer blessings upon you! If you are resolved to play the part of corsairs towards our property, we will act the part of benefactors towards you! Delightful revenge! Why, this is genuine abolitionism!

Now, I think we can all afford to be Abolitionists; if you will pardon the egotism, *Garrisonian* abolitionists (applause). I think we cannot afford to be anything else. For what is it to be a "Garrisonian" abolitionist? I will tell you—I have often told you—but there may be some here who have not heard it, and who really suppose that I desire something so unjust, so dangerous, so fanatical, that no honest man ought to give me any countenance. It is a very great and a very serious mistake. "Garrisonian abolitionism," in politics, is this: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" (applause). And "Garrisonian Infidelity" is this: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (applause). I am sure you all subscribe to your country's Declaration of Independence, and I shall take it for granted that you believe in the Golden Rule given to us by Jesus Christ. Under these circumstances, there is no difference of opinion among us; only let us see that we honestly carry out our principles; for the only difference between the Abolitionists and the mass of the people has been this, that the former have declared their principles, applied them, and carried them out; whereas, the mass of the people have simply adopted their principles in the abstract, but not applied them, nor carried them out. Let us remember that this involves the question of the liberties of mankind. I do not talk about the negro—I do not see the negro—I see only a human being. I see the representative of all mankind in any one whose rights are cloven down. I see my own self impersonated, and deprived of every right that God has given me by creation. It is my own case—it is yours. I plead for those in bonds, not because of their complexion or race, but because they are the children of God and brother men; and I desire to be as faithful to them as I would wish them to be to me, if our conditions were reversed.

I believe there is no difference of opinion now, that the Southern traitors are the vilest of thieves and robbers. State street says so, Wall street says so. "The villains," they say, "have stolen forts, arsenals, mints, everything belonging to the government within their reach, and are sending their piratical cruisers on the high seas, to seize our ships, and confiscate our property. They ought to be hung by the neck—the piratical scoundrels"! Take care, gentlemen! Don't get angry! Don't use "harsh and denunciatory language"! The Abolitionists have been offenders in this particular long enough! Possess your souls in patience!

> "They that have done these deeds are honorable men—
> So are they all, all honorable men!"

Ah! when the trials come to ourselves; when it is our property that is seized and confiscated; when our rights are trodden upon, and we are driven to the wall—how quickly is our vision anointed, and how clearly do we see the villany of the men who dare commit such outrages! Now, I have seen all this, and ten thousand times worse than all this, daily, hourly inflicted upon millions of my fellow-creatures, in the persons of the slaves—millions who have nothing that they can call their own, and who are doomed to life-long robbery, cruelty and oppression; and I have said that those who thus deprive them of their natural rights, drag them down from their high position as immortal beings among four-footed beasts, deprive them of all power of development and acquisition, ought to be branded as guilty of the basest robbery and the vilest oppression; that there is no language adequate to depict their criminality; and, because the victims were black, I have been accused of using harsh and unchristian language! No, the language is not harsh, is not unchristian: it is impossible to call such conduct by any other name, and rightly define it. We must be, like Him who created us, no respecters of persons; but perceive and confess that the wrongs which are done to others, even the humblest of the human race, are as grievous to be borne, and as much to be abhorred and condemned, as though they were done to us.

Let us do what we can to change the public sentiment of the North, by a fearless and faithful proclamation of the truth. Alas! for the bitter and proscriptive prejudice which everywhere prevails against the colored race! Those whom we treat most injuriously, we hate the most intensely. It is a fearful retribution upon us, as a people, because we have remorselessly trampled upon the poor and needy. Yes, it is because we have taken the helpless and unoffending negro, and said, "We will scourge him, work him without wages, deprive him of his liberty, treat him as a beast," God has sent this leprosy of colorphobia into our souls, and we are full of malignity and madness whenever the cause of the oppressed comes up, demanding full justice at our hands. Let us get rid of all this! Let us see in every slave, Jesus himself: let us endeavor to remember the solemn test in the great trial-hour, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have not done it unto me"; and let the same horror fill our minds at the idea of a slave being driven upon a Southern plantation, as we should feel if we saw our Savior under the lash of the slave-driver.

I have thus, very briefly, given you my "fanaticism," my "treason," my "infidelity." My cry still is, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" Does not that sound well to-day? (Applause.) What Union has the South for you, O people of the North? You are fighting for the flag, you say—not for the abolition of slavery. Go South, and they will smother you in its folds! You are fighting for the Constitution—not for the abolition of slavery. Go South, and make the declaration, and you will never come back alive! You are fighting for the Union—not for the abolition of slavery. Go South, and denounce her treasonable movement, and receive the fate of felons! No longer, then, be blind to the fact, that slavery is at the bottom of all our national divisions, and must be overthrown before we can be one people. Henceforth, be Abolitionists, in deed and in truth! Tell the government that it will commit a most heinous crime, as well as be guilty of an act of transcendent folly, if it shall allow any considerable time to pass before proclaiming, UNDER THE WAR POWER, freedom to all in bondage. In the words of Whittier—

> "Have they wronged us? Let us, then,
> Render back nor threats, nor prayers;
> Have they chained our free-born men?
> LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!"

And what cause for any delay? What further provocations or perils are needed—if the claims of suffering humanity are not sufficiently imperative—to warrant the government immediately to enforce such a measure in self-defence, and to promote the general welfare?—a measure that would at once bring the rebellious South to terms, and quickly end the war, enabling the country to organize a majestic and enduring Union upon the basis of universal freedom, and putting an end to all sectional hostilities; so that, from ocean to ocean, the pulsations of the people shall beat together as one, and all shall be made happy in the light and liberty of Heaven! (Applause.)

TRUE GREATNESS.—The only true greatness consists in unconquerable purpose of obedience to God. It consists in adhering with energy and courage to truth, duty and honor. It consists in taking our rules of action from our own minds, enlightened by revelation, and following our deliberate convictions of right in the face of danger and death.—*Channing.*

---

* Resolved, That, as citizens deeply interested in the honor and welfare of our common country, we earnestly ask and demand of your national government that it at once proclaim an act of emancipation to all our enslaved countrymen, wherever held, as the only honorable, just and efficient means of settling our present national troubles, and establishing our Union upon a solid and enduring basis.

WHAT THE "CONTRABAND" DOCTRINE WILL DO.

From The Boston Atlas and Bee.

WE are permitted to print, with the omission of the signature, the following letter, by a citizen of Massachusetts, addressed to a member of the Cabinet at Washington:

BOSTON, June 29th, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Though I can hardly hope you will have three minutes to spare from imperative duties to read this sheet, I cannot help writing. I have given the best part of my life, as you have of yours, not to Quashee's benefit in particular, but to save the great experiment of '76 from turning out a failure. More than twenty-five years ago, when a suspicion of its failure was regarded almost as proof of insanity, we stood together and warned the country that a moderate degree of justice to Quashee was the sole condition of its final success. Even if Quashee's slavery were proved just and a blessing to *him*, we told the country it was none the less a curse to *it*, and must be fatal at last. Such was the inevitable drift of facts and fate. Quashee's liberty might or might not abolish him, but it was absolutely necessary for ours. He must be free or we die slaves, or, what is a shade worse, slave-masters.

When Washington, while in command of our revolutionary army at Cambridge—an army, by the way, composed of white and black men mixed indiscriminately—got hold of Lord Dunmore's letters to Howe, he wrote to Richard Henry Lee [see Sparks's Writings of Washington, Vol. III., p. 216], betraying more alarm than he ever did on any other occasion, to my knowledge. He spoke of Dunmore's schemes as "diabolical," and prophesied that he would become "the most formidable enemy" of America, and that his strength would increase faster than "a snowball by rolling," if some expedient could not "be hit upon to convince the slaves and servants of the impotency of his designs." Dunmore, by a proclamation, had called to his standard all "indentured servants, negroes, or others, appertaining to rebels," with the promise of freedom, and had proposed to Howe to transfer the seat of war to the South. But before his proclamation could reach the servile population, either black or white, to any great extent, he was driven on shipboard, and special pains was promptly taken to convince the negroes that he was enticing them to his arms in order to sell them in the West Indies, and that, on the other side, the colonists were resisting him and the ministry of King George out of compassion for the slaves and to stop the progress of slavery. [See Frank Moore's Diary of the American Revolution, Vol. I., p. 164.] This they could plead reasonably, because in the previous year, July 1774, Jefferson, in his letter to the Virginia Convention, had asserted that it was the ardent desire of the colonies to bring about the *abolition of slavery*, but before they could free the slaves they had they must stop the importation, and in this they had been thwarted by his majesty. I only quote from memory, but am certain that, in accordance with this letter, Virginia, in fact, opened her revolutionary career by solemnly refusing to import slaves herself or purchase them when imported by others. While this question as to what should be done to guard the country against such terrific appeals as that of Lord Dunmore, to both the white and black serviles, was still seething in Virginia, her Convention, in May, 1776, instructed her delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for a Declaration of Freedom and Independence of Great Britain, and also raised a committee "to prepare a declaration of rights, and such a plan of government as will be most likely to maintain peace and order in this colony, and secure substantial and *equal liberty* to the people." [Moore's Diary, Vol. I., p. 242.] That practical and conservative, rather than theoretical or radical, lawyer, George Mason, drew up the required "declaration of rights," which was unanimously adopted, and goes off as follows:

> "All men are by nature equally free, and have inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity, namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety."

Thus was born into the world the "glittering generality," which six weeks afterwards Jefferson dressed in the words in which it has ever since been presented on the 4th of July, to the sore amazement of foreign potentates and the increasing bewilderment and disgust of native pro-slavery democratic politicians. If it was not expressly meant to apply to and include those who had been slaves, it was still less meant to include and apply to "indentured servants" of a white complexion, who, by a compact, had deprived *themselves* of a portion of their liberty. Obviously, if it did not apply to both, at least so far as their posterity was concerned, it altogether failed to provide for "equal liberty to the people"—but was a trick and an imposture. Providence and the servile classes, however, seem to have taken it as a sincere and honest document, and through its agency on the popular mind at the time, the evil which Washington so much feared was avoided throughout the revolution. It then saved the country which the utter non-performance and contempt of its great promise has now so nearly ruined.

The justice to Quashee—or injustice, if any one pleases to call it so—which Virginia and the Continental Congress then and thus promised, must now be performed, or all the white part of the country, to say the least, is lost—gone beyond a peradventure to the "demnition bow-wows." The census, Helper, Sumter, Pickens, Harper's Ferry, repudiation and the fifteen million loan, have proved that the Southern whites went there a good while ago. There has not been, for the last ten years, any medicine that could do them the least good but a Waterloo thrashing—a downright conquest. Of course, the Federal government, before the outbreak of rebellion, could do nothing of the sort—for if not wholly subservient to them, its mouth must be too full of constitutional "prunes and prisms" to express any honest indignation at the worst atrocities. For one, I have been for years anxiously looking for this very rebellion, with the utmost confidence than when it did come, the Federal administration would have both the common and military sense, at once, as the only means of salvation, to proclaim, unequivocally, its determination to perform, immediately and to the letter, what our fathers promised at the outset of the revolution. A general rebellion of the slaveholders would, of course, have ended, in the apprehension of all but insane minds, the experiment of leaving the great duty, vital to the whole nation, to the pleasure of the States, and would have absolved the General government from all constitutional obligations to neglect it any longer.

Without a distinct, decided, universal and early proclamation to this effect, one of two things is certain, in spite of any military wisdom of General Scott or bravery of the free State troops. Either the rebels, through the neglect of the government to make use of its four million of natural friends in the rebellious territory, will beat and conquer it, or the war will be perpetuated till the Northern troops are demoralized by the miserable "contraband" doctrine into acquiescence with slavery or a relish for it, and then the peace which ensues, whatever may be its nominal terms, will really secure to the rebels the whole object of their war. Whatever Mrs. Grundy or other crones of a stupid antiquity may think, we had had too much of the curse long ago, and cannot fight God, man and arithmetic to save it. We must fight to save the nation, not its parasite. Every day the government neglects to take the mad bull of slavery by the horns, and amputate his tail just behind his ears, my faith in it dies away. I could easily enough reconcile myself to what is, perhaps, the design of Providence, to let the slaves fight out their own freedom of their own motion in their own time, and let the white sham Democrats work out their own destruction by adhering to their sham after it begins to tumble about their ears, but I am not content to see my own life a failure, nor can I be content, my noble friend, to see your grander one brought to the vile end of throwing away, not only the nation's treasure, but the most glorious opportunity of vindicating justice, democracy and human nature, that God ever bestowed on man. If the President and a majority of his Cabinet are obstinately determined to spend the national energies in trying to push forward a policy which facts and fate have demonstrated to be both wicked and impracticable, I do beseech you, for the sake of your old friends and your well earned and world wide reputation, to resign your post, and leave your country's destruction to other hands. Were they a thousand times stronger, they could not roll back the vile yesterdays of compromise, though, by acting as if it were possible, they may clothe themselves manifold in its infamy. We are not to have the old thing, but altogether better or altogether worse.

Yours, from lang syne, and forever,

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

From The Evening Post.

CERTAIN newspapers, we perceive, object to the view of the "contraband" doctrine expressed in this paper of the 26th ult., on the ground that Butler's decision was promulgated within the limits of a slave State, whose law must be paramount to that of the United States. Now, the law of Virginia may recognize slaves as property, but the Constitution of the United States nowhere recognizes a man as property. Which, then, is to be the guide for a United States officer? One writer says "Gen. Butler, in Virginia, is subject to the local law." If this be true, then Gen. Prentiss, in Illinois, is also subject to the local law of that State, and as on this question the laws of Illinois and Virginia differ, we have the extraordinary spectacle of United States officers in different parts of the Union acting each "upon his own hook," according to the local statute of the place in which he may happen to be. Can any one seriously take this as proper ground?

It is asserted that slaves "may, when belonging to enemies of the United States, be held as contraband." Are we, then, to have one doctrine of contraband and one method of applying it on shore, and a different one on sea?

If we declare that slaves are contraband, we must not be content with waiting for them to come to our lines; we must search for them vigorously, and take forcible possession of all that come within our reach. What would be thought of the navy officer who should ride quietly at anchor until a ship loaded with war-like articles might choose to come and be captured as contraband?

The government is bound to capture all kinds of property that is contraband of war. It must blockade the transit routes leading to the revolted districts, and permit nothing of this kind to be taken into them. Now, if slaves be contraband, we must do on land as they do at sea; we must not be satisfied with the few slaves that come to us, but seek for them.

It is argued that "Gen. Butler, in Virginia, is subject to the local law." The law of Virginia does undoubtedly recognize slaves as property; but if our opponents be correct, all the Federal officers are subject to the local law of the State in which they may happen to be, and, therefore, they are subordinate to the powers that administer the local law; hence, the principle being worth nothing unless it may be carried to its full extent, the Collector of Charleston, in obeying the order from Gov. Pickens to pay over to South Carolina all United States customs money, acted with strict propriety!

The plain state of the case is this: Parts of the United States are in rebellion against the General government, and have raised forces of blacks and whites to obstruct the operation of the Federal authority; now, when the army marches into a rebellious district, if it meet a hostile insurgent force, is it to stop and consider which of the two races is the superior, and against which its energies should be specifically directed? If our troops are in pursuit of traitors, of what possible moment is it whether black men or white endeavor to stop their progress? What does the army know about slavery? Nothing whatever; the army is governed by United States law, which claims the entire population of blacks and whites as "persons." It is true some of the blacks are, *by the laws of some States*, persons in a peculiar social position—but when those persons are found in opposition to the Federal laws, it is evident that they are to be dealt with, not by the laws of their State, but by the law of the United States.

If, however, in defiance of the Constitution, the government shall assume the powers of the local law of Virginia, slaves undoubtedly will be contraband of war, and, of course, the conclusion will be that we must confiscate all we can—we must take them from friend and foe alike, as we do gunpowder and other contraband articles. If Gen. McDowell should hear of a powder mill in his vicinity, would it not be his duty to blow it up, or take some step towards fulfilling the decrees of the country in relation to contraband? Is there any good reason why one description of contraband should be allowed to flourish in the disaffected region more than another?

Moreover, if this decision be retained, there must necessarily be a distinction made amongst negroes; for while the able-bodied can certainly be made useful to the insurgents, it is equally clear that children and the aged or infirm cannot.

Finally, when Uncle Sam has collected a large lot of "contraband," *cui bono?* Is the great republic to confiscate slaves to its own use as it does gunpowder? Must the President of the United States, *ex officio*, become a slaveholder against his will, by virtue of the Constitution? Is it intended to practice the absurdity of returning these persons to their disloyal owners when the rebellion is suppressed? If, on the contrary, we set them at liberty, will it not be *prima facie* evidence that the government once held them as slaves?

These considerations, then, constrain us to the conclusion that, during the insurrection, black as well as white persons must be viewed by the government as of two classes; first, as persons in opposition to the authorities; and secondly, as fugitives from service. If they belong to the first class, let them be treated, when caught, as other prisoners are; and if to the second, then they must be tried as the Constitution directs.

And this leads us to repeat, that while the United States military forces have no knowledge of slavery at all, and must treat all men they meet either as friends or as enemies, the civil and judicial power of the United States government can claim jurisdiction over black persons only when they are formally charged with being slaves and having escaped from one State to another. The recapture of a slave who has left his master—or been left by him—within the bounds of any State, and who remains in that State, is a matter with which the local State authorities alone have the right to deal.

THE SOUTH, AS SEEN BY A RESIDENT.

[A gentleman lately arrived in this city from New Orleans communicates to *The Christian Inquirer* a chapter of his observations and experiences, from which we copy as follows:]

THE question is almost daily asked me, "Is there not still a good deal of Union feeling in Lousiana?" To a superficial glance, there appears to be none at all. She has, it is said—though probably the estimate is large—over twenty thousand troops, well armed and equipped for the field. A fair, gotten up recently by the ladies, and held at a three days' notice in New Orleans, whose object was to equip the volunteers, yielded upwards of thirty thousand dollars. Almost every Sabbath, flags are consecrated in the Catholic churches. All the Protestant clergy have enlisted either for distant service or for home defence. Men whose hair is white and thin, and whose hands are all unused to labor, drill every night, and only one feeling seems to animate the entire community. Merchants proclaim themselves ready to give their last dollar. Planters, in the event of the worst—which is the coming down upon them of the Northern army—say they will free their slaves, send them to the border, burn their plantations, and die amidst the ashes. The Confederate loan was largely and freely taken in the city. All the banks and insurance offices took each one hundred thousand dollars of it; and many a wholesale mercantile house has subscribed upwards of ten thousand dollars for the equipment and support of various companies. All this, you may be assured, is true. And yet, beneath all this, I am certain there is a strong love of the Union—an ardent affection for the "old flag."

Louisiana knows well that her prosperity has come, and must come from a friendly connection with the North and West. The most respectable and solid portion of the community, both of the city of New Orleans and the State, was utterly and bitterly opposed to secession. I know this from conversation with men from all sections, who had their all at stake, and also from conversation with some of the prominent politicians and editors in the city. The vote which carried the State out has never been considered a fair one. The action of the self-constituted authorities in seizing the mint, and even so lately as their granting letters of marque and reprisal, was extremely distasteful to all whose opinions were of any worth. They saw plainly and felt almost fearfully that that sort of rule, once established, might desolate their homes, and strip them of their property.

Besides, they prefer the Union—*i. e.*, the men of New Orleans—from policy, if for no other reason. They understand perfectly the superior strength and resources of the North. They know that if this war continues, it can only result in their complete ruin. Set up, therefore, the Union standard in Louisiana, with sufficient force to defend it, and protect those who seek its shelter, and thousands would rally about it.

The great hope of the leaders of the secession movement has been that England would at once acknowledge the independence of the Confederate States, and so give them a place among the nations of the earth. Mr. Russell has unquestionably done much, by the tone of his correspondence, as well as by the tenor of his private intercourse at the South, to foster this anticipation. The plan of these same leaders, relying on this hope, was to conquer Cuba and a part of Mexico, and establish at present a large republic, to be ultimately merged into a monarchy—a vast, an invincible slave empire.

As regards the details of the war, there is misconception on both sides. The North imagines that it has been the design of the Southern government to attack Washington, and to press on as far as possible. But such has not been its plan. It meant to take Washington only in case Maryland seceded. Its intention is to stand wholly on the defensive, except in its privateering operations, which do, indeed, smack a little of the offensive.

The South, on the other hand—that is, the great body, who are led, and who fight the battles—has been made to believe that the North was about to rob them of their rights and property, in violation of all constitutional conditions, and even to come down upon them with a hireling horde, free their negroes, and prostitute their wives and daughters. I do not put this too strongly. The press at the South has forced this belief on many, and this is the impulse of their fighting. If this idea can be dissipated, and the real purpose of the North, which is only to preserve the government, and protect all in their rights, be clearly demonstrated, it will fare hardly with the rebel leaders. Their armies will forsake them, and their supplies be cut off at once. But as things are, let not the North imagine for a moment that the task before them is an easy one. Until these men are undeceived, as long as they are under the influence of this stupendous delusion, they will fight bravely, for they are brave men. Their leaders also are able men, and good officers, who have staked all their possessions and hopes on this chance.

Of course, we all understand that there can be but one issue to this unnatural contest. The South must give up at last, or be—it is a hard, and to many will seem an absurd word to say—annihilated.

Look at New Orleans to-day, its stock of provisions daily decreasing, and expecting even now to be reduced to the bare necessities of existence—a city whose life has been luxurious in the extreme, brought in three months almost down to peasant fare!

But whatever may be the result of the war, it will affect the North deeply and for a long time; and the North must look this great sacrificial prospect fairly in the face. Let the war last but twelve months, and then the South shall have been subdued by the triumphant progress of our army, and the time will be far off when America will be restored to its former prosperity. For one tremendous result will of necessity be the issue of such a progress. The philanthropist may shout for joy. Garrison and Phillips and Beecher will live as the example of what a few determined men may accomplish when they are filled with the inspiration of a great idea. This war is a death-blow to the institution of slavery. Insurrection after insurrection (and it is a terrible thought) will follow in the footsteps of any army thus pressing on. Already I know from personal knowledge that numberless insurrectionary movements have been projected, and are constantly being detected. The lowest of the negroes are alive to this sublime idea of liberty. Their language, their looks show it. Fully, also, the people realize it. The streets of New Orleans are nightly guarded by armed soldiers, ready to suppress the anticipated uprising. The families of those who have gone to scenes of battle dare not remain on their plantations. The negroes themselves understand that this contest is somehow on their account, and must end in some benefit to them.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

LONDON, June 15, 1861.

THE writer of this has just been favored in having a most interesting conversation with a British nobleman of the House of Lords, on the subject of the American war and the responsibilities of the British government and people in regard to it. There are mistakes on both sides of the water, but the public press of the North is in error in supposing the attitude of this government to be in any way friendly to the Southern Confederacy.

In the conversation above referred to, Lord —— expressed his conviction that the British government would never enter into any treaty of recognition with the slave-trading Confederacy under their present Constitution. He had an interview recently with the Prime Minister, and felt assured that such was the present opinion and determination of the leading members of her Majesty's government. But at present no action whatever could be taken, and they were determined to preserve the strictest neutrality while the conflict was going on between North and South. This position of neutrality he was sorry to see misinterpreted by the North, or by a portion of the press of the North, as if it were an indication of favor towards the South, which it was not. There would be no such favor. Although there could not be, as yet, in the present stage of the conflict, any determination of the question which was yet to come before them as to recognition, there could not be any consideration whatever of the demand, no reception could be given to it, nor any notice of it taken at all. The Confederacy was not yet a nation *de facto*—not a power to be recognized or treated with, no matter what were its claims. It remained to be seen whether it became a power; and if it did, what were its claims to be recognized as such. When the present war was ended and the terms settled of any agreement between North and South, if the Confederacy still remained and was recognized by the North, then would come the question before the British government whether themselves to recognize that Confederacy or not. Whenever that question came up, the government of this country would not recognize by treaty a nation whose whole object was the perpetuity of human slavery. There need be no fear of that.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

Yet, if the United States should recognize such a nation, and enter into a treaty of peace and amity with it, recognizing its right to slavery as a vested right in human beings as property, what could be expected of other powers? Meantime the sympathy of Great Britain with the North was greatly checked and prevented, and rendered almost impossible, in consequence of the support of slavery and the treatment of the slaves and of the colored race by the North. Great Britain could see no principle of freedom in the war, as regarded the enslaved, no intention of justice or of mercy towards them, no defence of their rights, no determination to abolish this great wickedness of slavery on the part of the North. On the contrary, it looked as if the North would still guarantee to the South the right of this crime, the assurance of not interfering against it; nay, on the other hand, a promise of maintaining it.

The rejection of colored men and negroes from service in the army was referred to, together with other significant facts. The Fugitive Slave law was still executed, and the poor victims of slavery were flung back into this hell, even by the Northern armies. Great Britain had no attribute of sympathy with a people that, even in fighting against the South, would still hold the slavery of the poor African race as a sacred right to be respected, and would help hold the slaves in this dreadful bondage, even at the point of Northern bayonets. There could be no sympathy with the North in such a war. If it came to be a purpose of this fearful struggle to release and protect the slaves, and to give to them their rights, then the moment the British government and people saw and could feel that the North hated slavery *for the slaves*, and not for themselves merely, and were resolved to put away this wickedness, that moment the sympathy of this country would be deep, strong and universal in behalf of the North.

But they had seen the North, people and government, in some respects the guiltiest of the parties supporting this crime; tribunals of justice and religion, Churches and ministers, united in the sanction and support of slavery, and even in the very war now raging denying that they had any intention of abolishing slavery, and even denouncing that intention as if it were a crime. If the North would have the sympathy of Great Britain, they must themselves renounce this crime, and, now that God had given them such an opportunity, apply themselves to the abolition of it. The moment Great Britain could see abolition looming up as the determination of the North in this struggle, that moment all the sympathies of the people would be fervently and firmly with the North; and if the United States desired to prevent the recognition of the slave-trading Confederacy by this country, let them show that the cause of that desire is their own abhorrence of slavery, and determination to abolish it, and not the mere desire of conquest, or of preserving the Union unbroken, or of compelling the separated States back to their allegiance under the Federal government. Not only Great Britain, but all the nations of Europe would much rather see the government broken in pieces than consolidated with the purpose of perpetual slavery.

Such is the universal feeling. It is instructive to note the indignation and contempt expressed by all classes, as well as the astonishment of all, at the cruel treatment of fugitives from slavery, and the pledges given of security for slave property, even by the military and naval forces of the Northern States. Even when fugitives are not flung back into slavery at the South, it is significantly noted that they are not given their freedom, not treated as men, but are condemned to labor under the category of articles contraband of war! Every mail is now watched with intense anxiety. Many persons still believe that there will be no actual war, but that a compromise disastrous to freedom is to be framed. The action of Congress, men fear, will not be favorable to freedom.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

The conviction is general that the only possibility of success for the government and people of the United States in the war, should it be carried on, is to make it a war in behalf of justice and of God's law for the oppressed. Otherwise the North will be disastrously beaten, and will deprive themselves of the good-will of other nations in the conflict, and in the end lose even the patriotic object they propose to themselves in regard to the Union and their own liberties. For the time has come when God will demonstrate, on a large scale, the question so often put to us: "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?" If the United States show no sympathy in behalf of the enslaved, but conspire to keep them still in bondage, how can they expect Great Britain or any other government or power to feel or exhibit any sympathy for the United States?

THE REAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

INTERESTING STATEMENTS FROM A TRUSTWORTHY SOURCE.

A GENTLEMAN, whose honorable name, for various reasons affecting himself and many friends in the Gulf States, must be suppressed, has just arrived in this city, where he is receiving medical treatment for a malady, the result of sixteen years continuous business in the South. During an interesting interview with him yesterday we learned some very curious facts in regard to the present condition of the affairs of the South. On his way North by a somewhat circuitous route, which brought him to Louisville, Kentucky, he passed through three principal camps of the rebels. The men were not in good condition, were very badly armed, and most of them with indifferent muskets or shot-guns. They had received little or no pay, and were under no discipline. When he left New Orleans every family that could get away was leaving the place, for two reasons, one that the people there expect an attack from the United States forces, and the other that the yellow fever is also expected, and of a violent type, for the reason that the low country around and above the mouths of the Mississippi has been flooded for months with more than the usual quantity of water, and a sickly season is regarded as certain.

There are but about sixteen hundred troops at New Orleans, and not far from the same number at Mobile. Both these places could be captured by our troops without difficulty, and if the present blockade is to be forced by the English or French, the true plan, in the opinion of our informant, for us is to retake and hold all these ports. There will be no blockade to force or talk about, and no place for foreign ships to enter, unless by our permission and on the payment of the regular duties into the United States treasury. Southern armies is becoming very scarce. Our informant says that in three months time the soldiers will be in rags and shoeless. Of leather there is none to be found. In the country towns the shoemaker is the most important personage, and enormous prices are beginning to be asked for his work. A bit of sole leather is worth its weight in silver.

COTTON.

With regard to cotton we learn some curious facts. There is no supply of it on hand worth mentioning. The new crop is very backward; it was behindhand in its growth more than a month when our informant left, and there will not be half a crop at the best. The weather, in the beginning of the season, was very unfavorable to the young plants. The new crop will not be fully in the market till late in the fall. Wheat and corn have done better. There is now plenty of both, of good quality, but, unfortunately, there is no bacon going down from Kentucky and Ohio, and both whites and blacks, particularly the latter, are already made discontented by the want of it.

The planters, without exception, are deeply in debt. Very many of them have mortgaged three successive crops in advance to the commission houses, who charge most exorbitantly for the accommodation

as; for example, the communication between Mobile and New Orleans, is all carried on by roundabout and tedious railway lines, and flour is now selling at the latter place at eighteen dollars per barrel, notwithstanding the good crop, because there is no convenient way of transporting it. The Mississippi is effectually blockaded. The population of the most flourishing towns is diminishing by absenteeism; as, for example, there are at this moment one thousand three hundred deserted houses in Memphis, and the last and only hope of the Confederates is that England will become their ally without delay. If this is not done, they confess themselves lost.

With regard to the number of troops in Virginia, our informant says there cannot be less than 100,000, and the largest body of them is at and about Richmond. Their hope is to pursue a system of ambuscades and masked batteries, the mountains and defiles of that State being well adapted to such a plan of defence. He thinks they will fight desperately at least one great battle, counting on a success to help them abroad and at home.

Finally, our informant thinks if the North could make known to the South, in some unmistakable way, that it does not make war to abolish slavery, the war might be considered as almost over. The Secessionists feel and know they have entirely mistaken their case and their remedy, and the leaders tremble for their own personal safety.—*Eve. Post.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

FIRST OF AUGUST CELEBRATION.

AGAIN the Anniversary draws near of one of the most beneficent and memorable events in the history of the world—ancient or modern—the Peaceful Emancipation of 800,000 slaves, the beginning of a great Act of Justice and Humanity, whose wisdom has at length compelled the acknowledgment of the world at large, even of the unwilling and prejudiced. The Emancipation of the slaves in the British West India Islands, on the 1st of August, 1834, ranks now in history as an event not less remarkable for its cheering results than for the benevolent and humane motives which inspired it.

The Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society invite the friends of freedom everywhere, all who are interested in the great events of human progress, and all who desire to see the barbarous, inhuman and unchristian slavery of our own land give place to the reign of Freedom, Justice and Peace throughout our borders, and throughout the world, to meet with them, at the well known and beautiful grove in ABINGTON, on THURSDAY, August 1st., 1861, in commemoration of the Day.

Let us all join to make this FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM worthy of the occasion, of the long line of effective meetings which have preceded it in honor of this event, and of the mighty object in behalf of which it is held—the cleansing of our own land from the curse and shame of human slavery.

Eloquent speakers will be present. Railroad trains will run at reduced fares, etc. Of all which, further particulars hereafter.

W. L. GARRISON,
E. H. HEYWOOD,
THOS. J. HUNT,
ELIAS RICHARDS,
ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE,
} Committee of Arrangements.

REMOVAL.

THE Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office has been removed from 107 North-Fifth Street to 106 North-Tenth Street—four doors above Arch, west side, nearly opposite the office of *The Friends' Review.*

All business pertaining to the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, including the sale of anti-slavery books, the receipt of subscriptions for THE STANDARD, *Liberator*, London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, etc., etc., will be transacted as heretofore at this office.

EFFECT AND CAUSE.

Already in this fort-night. They more than march. They gallop, they fly. One has almost the sensation, in watching their progress, as one does in looking on as an Express train rushes by at lightning speed. It is barely three months since Sumter fell. Who could foresee what has come to pass within ninety brief days, even when the news came of the opening of the batteries upon her walls? At the beginning of April, it seemed as if the whole land was given over hopelessly to the dominion of the Slave Power. The sympathy and loyalty of the Democracy and Bell-Everettcy were no more doubted at the North than at the South by the lookers-on at the outside of things. Secret associations, called together by mystic signs, without name or place, but with a date only appended, were known to exist all over the country. For there was no secret about them, excepting as to such particulars as might make them obnoxious to indictment. Their existence was avowed, and men bragged of belonging to them. The Mayors of this city and of Boston either belonged to them or were controlled by them. All the property and respectability of the North appeared to be ranged on the same side, though a decent share of self-respect might keep them personally out of such disreputable company. Of all this the slave-driving conspirators were kept fully advised, and it was on the faith of effectual help from this quarter of the country that the Great Rebellion was begun. They verily believed that the cannon aimed at Sumter would be the signal for revolution in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, as well as in Baltimore and in Washington, which would put down the Republican party and establish the dominion of the Slavocracy over the whole country on an everlasting footing, through a reconstruction of the government and the virtual substitution of the Constitution of Montgomery for that of Philadelphia.

We all know how differently matters have turned out from what was expected. It is no wonder that Jefferson Davis should be astonished at the magic change, for all of us were almost as much so. Some of this change was occasioned by the very contempt our Northern behavior had bred in our sometime Southern masters, and the indifference to decent appearances which it bred. Had they managed their treason a little more wisely, they might have retained their hold on many minds where they have now lost it forever, and have kept up that condition of clamor and confusion of ideas which has always been their chief element of success. Had they held on to the Stars and Stripes and maintained that they were the true United States government, and that Lincoln was an interloping usurper—had they refrained from firing on Sumter and kept back from the crowning folly of their piracy, they might have maintained a hold on large masses of Northern sympathizers and puzzled and perplexed great numbers of men of floating opinions, and perhaps delayed the action of the North until they had gained possession of Washington and put themselves into a position to carry on the war, if any ensued, on Northern soil. But their course was such that scarcely *The Herald* and Boston *Courier* could make a stammering show of standing by them, even before the roar of popular indignation compelled them to change their front in the twinkling of an eye. The rebels misjudged their men, and thought to terrify or to conciliate them by the very means which consolidated the North into one united phalanx against them. Their conduct rallied against them as one man the very classes which had always been their firmest reliance. They thought that the humiliations to which the capitalists and mercantile classes had submitted for the sake of peace and a common government, had been endured for the love of these disgraces and of the men that dictated them. It was for Peace and Government that the North had submitted to the succession of compromises demanded of them by the South. As soon as it was discovered that peace and government were impossible until the rebels had been chastised and suppressed, those very classes were ready to join in solid column for their destruction.

Thus the very instincts of that false and selfish Conservatism at the North, on which the South had relied as their sure defence, united with the more generous impulses which led nobler souls to think of their country first and themselves last to produce that magnificent Rising in the North, which has not had any precedent in the history of the world. But the causes of the state of opinion from which this state of affairs sprung are to be sought farther back and farther off than the mere assault on the flag and attack on the property of the nation by sea and shore. Such a rebellion as this never springs in a moment, fully armed, into existence, as sin did out of the teeming brain of Satan, just as the great rebellion broke out in Heaven. Such movements grow, they are not improvised. The seeds of this Civil War were sowed long before Jefferson Davis was ever heard of, or even Calhoun invented his theory of Secession. The tares which the Enemy of Mankind had sowed in our field were suffered to grow up along with the wheat, instead of being rooted out in the beginning, and, at last, it became a question which was the Lord of the Harvest, the Sower of the Tares or the Sower of the Wheat. This is now the question to be decided by the umpirage of arms. Slavery having been left alone when it was weak and might have been abolished without social disturbance, and not merely let alone but made an organic part of our institutions of government, it necessarily grew stronger and stronger until the element of our national weakness became the overmastering power in our affairs. Its very weakness was its strength, and the insolence and rapacity of slavery waxed fat upon the sops that were thrown to it to keep it quiet. At last, its confidence in its strength and our meanness rose to a point which even Northern patience would not stand, and it inaugurated a rebellion for the overthrow of the government and the substitution of slavery for liberty as the corner-stone and the cap-stone of the new edifice which was to be erected on its ruins. And this was one occasion of the present hopeful condition of our affairs.

Another occasion is to be looked for in the very opposite direction. Happily, it is the nature of things that crimes should call into existence the passions and the processes which are necessary to their pursuit and their punishment. The outrages of slavery created, of necessity, the Anti-Slavery Movement, its deadly and incessant foe. While slavery was planting itself firmly, as it seemed, in the high places, striking its roots deep and rearing its head high and its branches broad, Anti-Slavery was busy at the roots and gradually sapping their hold on the soil from which they drew all their strength and pride. The slave-drivers knew the danger of these assaults, and they bade their Northern minions suppress them, or all the blessings of slavery would be lost to them. These faithful ones have never been disobedient to the inquisition, but have done all they could and dared, even down to the very instant that their hands were paralyzed. But, though mob violence, and ecclesiastical thunders, and the social ban were tried, the inevitable antagonism of light and darkness could not be destroyed, and by degrees the general mind of the North was instructed as to the true nature of slavery and its inevitable effects on their own character and prosperity, as well as on those of the slaves and the masters. These perceptions were not as clear, and the actions that followed upon them were not as resolute as they might have been. But they were sufficient to modify Northern feeling and action in Church and State, and, at last, the change was sufficient to secure the election of a Northern President, against the will of the South and of its Northern myrmidons. To be sure, this was effected by a slaveholder's intrigue, in order that the occasion of the contemplated *coup d' état* might be given. But the necessity of that movement, as alleged by its most intelligent promoters, lay in the change worked in Northern opinion as to slavery, which made the permanent supremacy of the Slave Power an impossibility. Of this mighty change they give us Abolitionists the credit, and we modestly admit that they give us no more than our due. We have striven long and patiently, in faith and without sight, knowing that the reward would come at last. We were never assured in what shape it would appear—whether of foreign war, of insurrection, of civil war, or of politico-economical necessity. But we accept the boon as it is offered to us. We had rather that the slave should have come to his birthright through repentance rather than through blood. But what right has a nation, so blood-guilty as this toward the slave, to expect to escape the natural penalty of its crime? It has been maintaining a state of war between the slaves and the masters by giving their moral and physical support to the masters, from a false self-interest, and it is no more than just that it should pay in blood and treasure more than it ever gained by its crime, to be rid of it. It is the *fiat* of Eternal Justice to which it submits when it encounters the mischiefs of this war. We believe that the nation will not end it until slavery is first ended. Though it may not yet be time to proclaim Emancipation as the necessary preliminary to Peace, yet the time is at hand and cannot be long delayed. Common Sense and Self-Interest demand it, as well as Humanity and Civil Liberty. Indeed, if the war lasts two years, or even one, slavery will not be worth preserving, even to the slaveholders, and the reorganization of society on the basis of Freedom will be a necessity there. Its worth as an element of political power is gone forever certainly, and it is likely that the sceptre of the Cotton King will have been effectually wrested from him, also, by that time. It is no more improbable that we should be called upon by the necessities of warfare, or the entreaties of the South, to assist in such a reorganization, than it was three months ago that a united North should now have 300,000 men in the field to quell a slaveholding rebellion. Sooner or later this Effect must crown our work, and we will thank God for the share he has enabled us to bear in its Cause.

AN OCTOGENARIAN, of Salem, Mass., who has been a staunch conservative for half a century and a strong opponent of the Abolitionists since the day when Garrison first lifted up his voice for immediate emancipation, writes to a friend in New York as follows:

"I do hope and pray that, before long, we shall have a good battle on the soil of old Virginia, and that we shall give them a specimen of what freemen can do, when called on to defend their institutions of free government. One can hardly realize that the people of Virginia have permitted such a folly as the transfer of the battle-field from its legitimate locality, the Cotton States—South Carolina in particular—to their own State. I am all impatience, sick and lame as I am, to hear the result of the first set battle of some twenty or thirty thousand men of a side, that will tell the story and put the blood of twenty millions of freemen into active circulation. We must go it strong, and then we shall soon see the end of this accursed rebellion. I can hardly see now how we can avoid freeing every slave in the country. It does seem as though it must come to that before we can settle down quietly, and let white man and negro hoe his own corn and pick his own cotton. I tell you, the conduct of those slaveholders, in bringing about this disastrous state of things is enough to make all free men Abolitionists; it has me, sure."

This is by no means a singular example of the change lately wrought in the minds of people at the North in regard to slavery and slaveholders. Thousands, in spite of long-cherished prejudices, have been led, in the progress of the Southern rebellion, to see that the Abolitionists are right in their denunciations of slavery, and in their estimate of its demoralizing influence upon individuals and communities. They see in the theft, robbery, repudiation, and lynch law that have marked every step in the history of Southern treason, only the natural flowering-out of the deadly upas tree, which, instead of uprooting, our fathers unfortunately protected in the Constitution, flattering themselves meanwhile with the hope that, in spite of such temporary support, it would die of itself. Let us hope that the lesson thus conveyed has been so deeply impressed upon the minds of the Northern people that it will not have to be repeated in new and still more terrible judgments upon them, and that they will not be so infatuated as to think that they can crush the treason without removing its cause.

THE PARADOX OF ANTI-SLAVERY POLICY.

AMONG the inhabitants of this world, there is a class called "men of principle," who wish "the right" to prevail, and who are working with heart and hand towards the success of justice and rectitude. Antagonistic to this is another class called "men of expediency," who are working with equal zeal towards the accomplishment of prosperity for themselves, and who adapt their movements to the attainment of prosperity, entirely disregarding principle. There is no doubt of the existence of these two classes. There is little doubt as to which of them deserves our esteem, and which our contempt.

The latter of these classes is said to "swim with the tide." Its votary lets the tide decide for him whether he shall go North or South. The Vicar of Bray changed his politics and religion as often as such change would help him to retain his comfortable and lucrative position, and his name has become a synonym for contemptible subserviency and want of principle.

Does it follow from these things that the man of principle is *never* to go with the tide? that he is to pursue his pre-determined course, entirely regardless of circumstances? Not at all! He is to use the tide when it may be made to serve his purpose of reform, not less assiduously than his neighbor uses it to serve *his* purpose of self-interest. Since there is a tide in the affairs of men—since God's providence *does* most unexpectedly vary the circumstances by which we are surrounded—the part of the true man is to use each favoring tide, and each favorable concurrence of circumstances, to aid the accomplishment of God's work. Why else is it enjoined upon us to *watch*, as well as to pray and to labor? The work of reform is not a mere parrot repetition of the claim that reform must be made; it involves the far harder task of deciding how far providential circumstances will aid him in securing an advanced position; and whether a temporary modification of the *presentation* of his claim may not really aid the accomplishment of the thing claimed.

Just now, some excellent anti-slavery friends are puzzled and disturbed at a change of expression among those who most prominently represent the cause in speech, writing and action. They seem to think that the variation in language and emphasis which an altered state of the North, and of the government, has called forth, implies a change of principle. They seem unable to comprehend why the Anti-Slavery Societies, which formerly held their routine of Annual Meetings entirely irrespective of the threat, or the probability of mob-violence, should now take such probabilities into account, and decide in particular cases to relinquish a customary gathering as inexpedient; why these Societies which (without holding Non-Resistant ideas) had always emphasized their wish for the *peaceful* abolition of slavery, should now speak with satisfaction of a warlike contest between Northern non-slaveholders and Southern slaveholders; why even the Non-Resistant, Mr. Garrison, should just now say less about the importance of peace and more about the importance of liberty; and why Wendell Phillips, who once stigmatized Abraham Lincoln as "the slave-hound of Illinois," should now give active countenance and support to the position taken by him in reference to the great rebellion. Have the Societies become afraid of mobs? Are the leaders lowering the standard? Has Garrison deserted his peace principles? Has Phillips sunk from Abolitionist to mere Republican?—ask these misjudging friends.

It is certainly possible to look at these persons and things in this way. But there is a juster and better way of looking at them. And it is for the advantage of each observer to get the right point of view. Let us touch briefly upon each of the instances just alluded to.

Why did the Abolitionists, last May, refrain from holding the customary Annual Meeetings in New York and Boston?

Because any mob-violence which might (and probably would) have been exercised against them at that time, instead of helping their cause, as formerly, would certainly have hindered and damaged it.

Does any one ask—whence this difference? We answer. It arises from a new state of things among the Northern people, not less strange and paradoxical than that course of the Abolitionists which we are explaining.

The great Southern rebellion was commenced and carried on by the Slave Power, for the sake of slavery.

The North stood as one man in hearty opposition to the rebellion, though a majority of the Northern people were shamefully tolerant of the slavery that gave birth to it. Nevertheless, by the very act of opposing the rebellion, they were weakening the Slave Power, and thus practically opposing slavery. By this strange concurrence of events it came to pass that the very men at the North who were most bitterly opposed to us were at that moment unconsciously doing our work, and weakening slavery, though without the least ill-will to slavery.

Another great wonder appeared, most unexpected, and most propitious to the opponents of slavery. Southern rebels, who, in planning their rebellion, had relied with absolute confidence upon the continued support of those Northern friends who had so long and so faithfully aided them in upholding slavery, were now not only surprised and confounded by losing the support of those friends, but, as if providentially smitten with judicial madness, read this unanimous opposition to rebellion as a unanimous opposition to slavery, and denounced the whole mass of their Northern opponents as *Yankee Abolitionists!*

Of course, nothing could be more absurd than this lumping together of their friends with their foes. Never was a grosser instance of *non sequitur* than this jumbling of the leaders of the Democratic and Bell-Everett parties, of the pro-slavery clergy, editors and literati, of the cotton-merchants, cotton-manufacturers and cotton-traders, and of the clerks and laborers of the class last named (who have been the chief executors of mob-violence against Abolitionists) as themselves belonging to the anti-slavery party. It was an enormous, a superlative, a transcendent blunder, yet a blunder most opportune for our purposes. The enemy's hosts were fighting each other in the dark. The kingdom of Satan was divided against itself.

These things being so, would it not have been a blunder of equal magnitude on our part, if we had furnished the opportunity (so much desired by pro-slavery men at the North) for them to dispel this illusion of their Southern friends, and to prove themselves still true allies of slavery?

The very men (some well-dressed and some in rags) who had been accustomed to mob anti-slavery meetings, and who were still well-disposed to do so, were at that moment shouting for the government and against the rebels; volunteering to fight for the Administration; energetically determined to oppose secession; calling upon the army to march through Baltimore or *over* it; and fraternizing with the Republicans as if they had never called them *Black* Republicans!

Could there be among possibilities a state of things more disheartening to the rebels? Did it not affect their slavery as disastrously as their rebellion? And, if they made the stupid blunder of reckoning all Northern opposition to their rebellion as opposition to their slavery, was it for us to undeceive them? Must we not, of necessity, rejoice in an error which divided the Slave Power against itself?

Another thing. Of course, these Northern hunkers, sham-Democratic and other, keenly felt the absurdity of their own position, in being forced into fraternization with their political opponents, and, at the same time, cried out against, as traitors, by those slaveholders whom they had always befriended, and whom they still wished to befriend. It was pathetically ludicrous to see those poor fellows trying to convince their Southern friends of the simple truth, that they were opposing only rebellion, not at all slavery! Talk like that, addressed to men who had made the rebellion for the sake of slavery, had of course the effect of insult added to injury! And all the more did the Southrons rave at their former friends as (adjective) Yankee Abolitionists, and (adjective) Black Republicans.

Under these circumstances, nothing could have been more welcome to *The Journal of Commerce* in this city, and to *The Courier* in Boston, than the opportunity of inciting mobs against the Abolitionists, and thus offering practical demonstration of their continued faithfulness to the Slave Power! The appropriate move for those Abolitionists to make, at once to circumvent and disconcert their enemies, and by that act necessarily to improve their own position, was as plain as ever was move on chess-board or battle-field. A masterly inactivity was their game. They quietly decided not to hold their meetings. And the mob, who ardently longed to be howling against *them*, were compelled, by the force of circumstances, to keep on howling against the rebels at the South.

If the May meetings of the Anti-Slavery Societies had been held, they would have been bitterly assailed by portions of the periodical press, and might also have been assailed with force and arms by the rabble at their place of meeting; and every one of these assailants, whether operating with the voice, the pen or the fist, would have helped to destroy that glorious unanimity which the North now shows against the rebels; would have helped to diminish the force of that shout which now calls for the putting down of the rebellion. In our judgment, no action ever did more timely and substantial service to the cause than this *inaction*.

Take next the case of the American Anti-Slavery Society, declaring, in its Constitution, its preference for a *peaceful* abolition of slavery—and the case of William Lloyd Garrison, the Non-Resistant, who has so often recommended the abolition of *all* war as well as of all slavery—are we to conclude that they have apostatized from those ideas because they do not now speak of peace, and because, on the other hand, they speak much, and strongly, of the methods of gaining advantage for universal freedom, and weapons against American slavery, out of the present and future contingencies of the existing war? a war commenced, and established, be it observed, without the consent or the action of either of these parties? Such a conclusion would be the height of absurdity.

Mr. Garrison and the Anti-Slavery Society are accustomed to act and speak *reasonably;* to demand only what it is just and fair to demand, under existing circumstances; and to consult possibilities and probabilities in their action in behalf of their client, the slave. Commencing their plea for him thirty years ago, when the country was at peace, and when only the voluntary gift of immediate and unconditional emancipation was necessary to raise the nation to the summit of virtuous prosperity, they urged *that* policy as the interest and duty of the nation. Their counsel was rejected then, and it has been rejected ever since. But these faithful advocates have continued their plea, varied in such manner as experience and Providence taught them to vary it, to the present time. They have used all the arguments in their power, alike to slaveholders and to Republicans, with very little direct success. Now the slaveholders have forced the Republicans into a war, and the whole country has become a camp. Because these preachers of righteousness have failed in securing peaceful emancipation, shall they therefore relinquish emancipation itself? Having failed in regard to peace, shall they abandon their advocacy of freedom? The idea is preposterous. As honest men, not less than as anti-slavery men, they *must* try, now that peace exists no longer, whether the events of the *war* can be turned in favor of freedom; whether the Northern people, who rejected anti-slavery testimony as to the injustice, dishonesty, baseness and cruelty of slaveholders, will not be convinced of these things by the immense body of concurrent testimony which the South itself is now bringing into court; and whether these facts will not induce them to abate that unspeakable nuisance to which the South clings as its "peculiar institution"; whether the Commander-in-Chief, or some of his Generals, will not use their war-power for the abolition of slavery; whether, in failure of this, Congress cannot be induced to act in that direction; and whether, finally, the people themselves in each State called free, cannot be induced to meet in Convention and demand the separation of the United States, and of their government, from all support of slavery and all complicity with it!

We repeat it. Failure in effecting the abolition of war does not at all require a remission of effort for the abolition of slavery.

Lastly—the stigmatizing of Abraham Lincoln as the "slave-hound of Illinois," at a time when he was really acting in that capacity, should by no means prevent the same speaker from praising that individual for any *good* deed which he chances to have done; nay, it should by no means prevent the coöperation of the Abolitionist critic with the person censured, whenever the *acts* of that powerful person (with or without the concurrence of his will) tend in *the direction* of anti-slavery. Our part is to act, as far as rectitude will allow, to secure the rights of our client, the slave. So far as Lincoln's acts help to make the slave's freedom, let us help Lincoln; and let history take its time to judge between us.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S SCRIPTURE COMMENTARY.—III.

SERVANTS, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ.—Eph. vi: 5. Those commentators, both North and South, who insist that slavery is a Divine institution, are equally positive that the Greek terms, *doulos* and *douloi*, mean *slave* and *slaves*. The passage should therefore read: "Slaves, be obedient to them who are your masters." As our "Code," however, does not allow *slaves* to be *persons*, but holds them, "to all intents and purposes, as GOODS AND CHATTELS," it is still more consistent to render it thus: "Goods and chattels, be obedient to them that are your owners."

But that the true, classic rendering of *doulos*, in the New Testament, should be *slave*, is beautifully and forcibly illustrated and proved by other passages, in which the term is used in both the singular and plural—"*Slaves*, be obedient to them who are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service as men pleasers; but as the *slaves of Christ*."

The disciple is not above his master, nor the slave above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the slave as his lord.—Matt. x: 24, 25.

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king who would take account of his slaves. And when he had begun to reckon, one [*chattel*] was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The slave, therefore, fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that slave was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. But the same slave [*chattel*] went out and found one of his fellow-slaves [*chattels*], which owed him a hundred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow-slave fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow-slaves [*goods* and *chattels*] saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told their lord [*owner*] what was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked slave [*chattel*], I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desirest me: Shouldest thou not have had compassion on thy fellow-slave [*chattel*], even as I had pity on thee?—Matt. xviii: 23-33.

NOTES.—We are not so well acquainted as we ought to be with eastern and ancient usages. To us it seems strange, that a *chattel* could so run in debt as to owe its owner ten thousand talents! It is also about as difficult for us to apprehend how *one chattel can owe another*, even a hundred pence, when no chattel can own itself. It is evident, however, that under the *old* system of chattel slavery, property was recognized as belonging to property. The lord of the wicked, merciless chattel commanded "all that he had" "to be sold."

There is one feature in the ancient slave system which we ought, perhaps, to admire. It was not quite so rigorous as ours. The lord of the insolvent chattel would not, even at the auction-block, separate parcels of goods belonging to the same lot, as husband and wife, parents and children; but he sold them all in a group.

It seems also, that, under the old system, not only could one chattel owe another, but the creditor could cast the insolvent chattel into prison. Upon that allowance, our own righteous and admirable Slave Code is an improvement. If one chattel were allowed to imprison another, the loss must fall upon the owner of the goods.

Who, then, is that faithful and wise slave, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that slave, whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing. Verily, I say unto you, that he shall make him ruler over all his goods.—Matt. xxiv: 45-47.

NOTE.—It must be inferred that, under the old system, there was here and there a slave capable of taking care of himself; otherwise, it would have been absurd for "his lord to make him ruler over his household." It would not do to invest any of *our* "chattels" with such authority.

But, and if that evil slave shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to smite his fellow-slaves, and to eat and drink with the drunken; the lord of that slave shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites.—Matt. xxiv: 48-51.

NOTE.—*Lilburn Lewis* cut up his slave George, and cast the pieces into the fire. A pertinent illustration of the expression in the text: "*cut him asunder.*"

ALETHEIA.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

WE are requested to state, in advance of the official notice, that the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society will hold a meeting in

WILLIAM JACKSON'S WOODS,

near Avondale, Chester Co., Pa., on SATURDAY, Aug. 10th. The hour has not been named to us, but we presume it will be 10 o'clock, a.m.

Theodore Tilton, J. M. McKim, Reuben Tomlinson, Oliver Johnson and others may be expected to address the meeting. The official notice may supply further particulars.

GERRIT SMITH TO OWEN LOVEJOY.

PETERBORO, July 12, 1861.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY, M.C.—*My Dear Sir:* From its action on your resolutions I infer that Congress is not disposed to repeal the Fugitive Slave statute.

I judged, after the bombardment of Sumter, that the North would put down the rebellion in a few months. But if the patience of the Cabinet with the pro-slavery threats and deeds of some of our Commanders, and the pro-slavery Congressional voting referred to are to be taken as reflecting the Northern mind, then did I widely misjudge. For then the North is not in earnest; and if she is not or is not soon to be, then the rebellion will never be overcome. Our Revolutionary Fathers were in earnest—so much so as to employ not only negroes but savages. Our enemies are in earnest. Whilst we will not so much as *let* the negroes help us, they *make* them help them. Nay, it seems that when such helpers of our foes desert to us, Congress would still have us return them to our foes. Was ever such infatuation before? Is it possible that either Congress or Cabinet is more concerned to save slavery than to crush the rebellion? Possibly both are. Possibly the people are. Possibly slavery has debauched Congress, Cabinet and people beyond recovery. Possibly, having so long succumbed to slavery, it may be as vain to try to arouse us against it, as to arouse the mass of the drunkards against drunkenness, or the mass of the gamblers against gambling. When I saw the refined ladies of the South presenting canes to Preston Brooks in honor of his murderous assault on Charles Sumner, I feared that slavery had utterly and incurably spoiled the American heart. This fear was renewed when I saw the voting on your resolutions. I see that Congress has since spoken against the army's helping slavery. But it would still have the civil power help it—aye, and the army too behind the civil power.

Our government is now calling for hundreds of millions more of money and for hundreds of thousands more of soldiers. This is right, if necessary to put down the rebellion. Let that be put down unconditionally and forever, even though at the necessity of arming us all and reducing us all to poverty. But why take a costly and weary way to put it down when a cheap and short one is at hand? Why choose crushing burdens of debt and immense human slaughter when both can be avoided? The liberation of the slaves has obviously become one of the necessities and therefore one of the rights of the country. Let the President, in his capacity of Commander of the army, proclaim such liberation, and the war would end in thirty days. The South, beside that she would, when her millions of chattels are transmuted into men, have quite too much to fight *against*, would, when her slavery is annihilated, have nothing left to fight *for*. Our army, in the event of the President's Proclamation, would be already large enough. There would then be no squeamishness about letting ten or fifteen black regiments move Southward from Canada and the Northern States: and with that most *attractive* and efficient help many of our white regiments might be left to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

That the President is authorized to liberate the slaves is as clear as that he may, when judging there is military necessity for it, order the destruction of all the railroads in the slave States. But it will be said that, on the return of peace, the government would provide payment for the railroads. So could it for the slaves also. Perhaps when the war is over the government will think it best to recall slavery and reestablish it more firmly than ever. If in time of peace slavery is bearable—nay even suitable—nevertheless it does not follow that it must be maintained in a state of war. A people may find their railroads an inestimable facility in peace, but a fatal one in war. It will also be said that the President cannot be induced to proclaim liberty to the slaves. Why not? His writings abundantly show that he hates slavery, and that he has tolerated it only through a construed necessity. Let Congress invite the Proclamation by repealing the Fugitive Slave act; and as sure as the war continues, the Proclamation will not be long delayed. Only let Congress encourage the step, and the President will at once end the war, and save the nation from impoverishment and tens of thousands of families from bereavement and broken hearts. Will Congress prefer poverty and blood? Fearful will be its responsibility for the guilty preference. Is it apprehended that liberating the slaves would lead to insurrections? That alone can prevent them. The war prolonged, and the South will herself call on our government to protect her from her slaves.

Hitherto the North has excused itself to itself and to Europe for not abolishing slavery. Its plea has been that it had not the right to do so. But what can be its plea now?—now when the South has given it the right, and when, by all the rules of war, it is at full liberty to exercise the right? In making war upon us the South has authorized us to cripple her in all the ways we can.

It may be that we can (though I do not believe that God will let us) put down the rebellion and yet save slavery. But what if we can? Is slavery so precious to the North, that she can afford to save it at the cost of half her wealth and tens of thousands of her men? One would think, that she had rather put down slavery along with the rebellion, and so blot out forever the sole cause of the rebellion.

This shrinking of Congress from repealing the Fugitive Slave act will, I doubt not, go far to prepare Europe to expect the success of the rebellion, and to prepare her to recognise the new nation. She will measure our earnestness against the rebellion by our earnestness against slavery. She sees, if we do not, that the war of the South is simply a war for slavery. A strange spectacle our nation must be in the eyes of Europe! What is there that such a nation as France or England would *not* do to save itself in an appalling rebellion? But such is the amazing conduct of our nation, as to occasion the inquiry—what is there that it *will* do? What must Europe think of this American chivalry, which regards it as *dishonorable* to avail itself of an element of weakness in a merciless and dangerous foe? What must Europe think of this greater tenderness for the persons and property, aye, even the *conventional* property, of foes than for the persons and property of friends? I once heard an office-seeker, who was intent on making himself acceptable to all parties, speak of "our friends and our *opposing* friends." The gentle bearing of our government reminds me of the mincing style of the office-seeker. Our government seems to recognise our foes as but "opposing friends."

Can it be that Congress is still trammelled by the absurd regard for the loyal slave States? No State is loyal that would have the negroes work *for* instead of *against* the rebellion. No man is loyal who would have it. No man is a true American, who, when America is warred on, will not welcome to her side the services of every American.

I am glad that Congress has resolved to meddle with nothing at this session beyond the war question. But utterly absurd is the inference of many that it must not therefore meddle with the slave question. The slave question is the war question. The war began in slavery, and it will end but with slavery.

Unceasingly, both penwise and lipwise, I am asked what the Abolitionists should do. I answer that the one present work of both Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists is to put down the rebellion; and that, as the most reasonable, hopeful and demanded means to this end, both Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists should petition the President to proclaim the liberty of the slaves.

Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

SPEECH OF GILES B. STEBBINS,

AT ROCHESTER, JULY 4, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ENCLOSED is the speech of GILES B. STEBBINS, which, with the address of Parker Pillsbury and the resolutions sent you by a previous mail, gives the word spoken for the slave at our Rochester Fourth of July Celebration.

The occasion was one of great interest. Abolitionists of the surrounding Counties were largely represented. Many remarked that they never saw an out-of-door assemblage so quiet, attentive and earnest. The faces of the people told that they came not for mere social enjoyment, but to get new hope and deeper inspiration in the work of freedom.

S. B. A.

Mr. STEBBINS read the poem of Whittier,

"Our fellow countrymen in chains," etc.,

and said: It may be asked why we are here instead of joining in the celebration with the multitude at the Court-House. Is it because we favor rebellion? No. Is it because we sympathize with secession? No. To rebel or secede for freedom were a different matter, but to rebel *for slavery* is wicked. Have we less desire for law and order than they? No. But we see that it is only by reënacting the "higher law" of liberty, written on the soul by a Divine hand, that law and order can rule.

We think if the Declaration of Independence means anything, it means that men and women shall be safe in work and worship, in marriage and home; and that this can only be when each guards all, and all each, equally and impartially, in their rights. It means this, in spirit, or nothing. We have had, as a people, only the dead "letter which killeth," not "the spirit which giveth life." But the spirit is not wholly dead, it lives, it grows, and slavery would crush it.

To-day, more than for many years, this celebration of the nation's birthday has life and soul, for we are in the midst of civil war. The "irrepressible conflict" has assumed a new phase, but one which surprises no thoughtful observer.

The people have desired peace, but seem blind to the fact that there can be no peace without purity.

A few days since I saw the question asked in a religious newspaper, "Who would have dreamed of this, who wise enough to foretell this sad war six months ago?" The pious editor had been holding church-fellowship with slave-owners so long as to be forgetful of the highest words of the Book he professes to reverence. Many of you read Mr. Seward's speech delivered in New York on the 22d of December last, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. He said, "Keep quiet, gentlemen, conciliate, and all will be well. There is less trouble now than at the November election. In sixty days we shall have peace and the Union will be safe." He is a sagacious statesman, after the popular idea, but how blind!

Slavery and freedom cannot live together. Some call the Constitution anti-slavery, many pro-slavery. But grant it to be the first. Let a nation start with the letter of their law right, and under it endeavor to unite slavery and freedom, and all would be perverted to slavery, *for to live it must rule.* This war has been plotting for years, but few could be made to believe it. Had the nation heeded the warnings of Abolitionists, the young men of the North need not now be rushing to bloody battle-fields.

A score of years ago, Benton, of Missouri, had a young friend to visit him in Washington, who spent a day in seeing the public buildings. "Well, my friend," said the old Senator, "you have seen the Capitol, the Treasury Building, etc., all grand, massive and costly, who were they built for?" "Why, for the United States," was the answer of the young man, surprised at such a question. "No; they are for the Southern Confederacy, which will be demanding them at the point of the bayonet before many years," was Mr. Benton's reply. But had he told his party and the world his opinion, they would have laughed at him for such folly.

The editor of our *Rochester Union*, good Democratic authority, tells us that he heard Mr. Buchanan say, just before he was President, "that he had been reliably informed (we think he said by Gov. Wise) that the officers of the Army and Navy had been polled on the question, whether, in case of a rupture between the two sections of the Union, they would go with the North or South; *and that nearly every Southern man replied he should adhere to the section which gave him birth.*

Whittier asked, twenty years ago—

"Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquakes underneath?
Up! up! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?"

And now Gov. Andrew in Boston sees the cold, inanimate bodies of Massachusetts men come back from "bloody Baltimore," and asks that the dead and wounded be "*tenderly cared for.*"

This war is *for slavery* on the part of the South. Think of it! No rebellion for so foul a purpose has disgraced Europe for centuries. Such is the bitter end of an experiment to unite slavery and freedom.

Mrs. Stowe says in *The Independent* that "the flag-staff of the Southern Confederacy is planted through the heart of the slave," and brings, as proof, a speech of A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in February 1861. He speaks with authority, being Vice-President of the Confederacy. His words are explicit enough, as those of a slaveholder usually are. Let us give them this credit. They go straight to their work, they do not palter or prevaricate. See with what hardihood Stephens flings out his idea of the rightfulness of slavery:

"Though last, not least, the new Constitution has put

attempt its folly and crime anew! We have tried one experiment for more than seventy years, and the result is civil war for slavery. Shall we try it again? To drive South Carolina back into the Union with the same "institution" that has made her so troublesome a member still untouched, yes, guarantied and defended—it would be a poor waste of powder and shot to play that game! I heard a man talking on a steamboat on the Penobscot a few weeks ago. He said he had been a hunker, had done for peace all a decent man should, more too, as some of his neighbors told him, "But," said he, "I am satisfied we can have no quiet while slavery lives. I want to settle this matter so that it will stay settled, and that is to be done by ending slavery. It would be mean in us to leave this to make our children trouble." The cannonade of Sumter had taught him something; his "eye teeth were cut," as the Yankees say.

Men talk of our "glorious flag," but the question is, "What does it stand for?" Symbols are of value in proportion as they have a truth behind them. Let a flag stand for a nation, gathered around some living idea, and it is a glorious reality—otherwise but a shadow, uncertain as the wind that lifts its folds. Fling out the star-spangled banner to the breeze, and inscribe on it the motto of the old bell that hung in Independence Hall, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof," and it becomes the sign of conquest, the hope of the oppressed, the light of the world, the harbinger of peace.

As towards the Confederate States, there is not a shadow of legal obligation to help slavery. Their foul rebellion has wiped that out. I remember how John Quincy Adams, ripe in long experience, grown clear-sighted by his earnest strife for Freedom, twice in Congress declared the right of government to abolish slavery as a war measure, in case of an emergency like the present. It may be said this is inhuman and forgetful of the master in blind love for the slave. Far from it. The master should not be forgotten, for he is of the same humanity with us. With emancipation comes peace and safety for him which he can never have without. The deadly and sickening fear of the South to-day is of the slave, more than of Scott's army. On this point we have light from a new quarter. A Correspondent of the *Rochester Union and Advertiser*—"Iron Point"—writes to that widely circulated journal in words so wise that I must quote them; and they are humane too, as all words are.

"The horrors of war cannot well be made polite and acceptable, in the best of hands; but these may be mitigated somewhat, when controlled by wise and humane Generals, who understand the ends sought in the contest, and will rest satisfied when those ends are attained.

"You hence do well to shrink from the terrible idea of stimulating a servile demonstration upon our deceived and erring fellow-citizens of the South, and would be justified in excepting *everybody* of the North from all such wanton blood-thirstiness. *No* rational being among us all would encourage or countenance a proceeding so horrible to contemplate, and so hopeless of good results.

"The real danger on the contrary is, that our whole people would do as Gen. Butler has already done in Maryland, should a slave revolt take place—that is—*suppress* it at all hazards, and thus procure a compromise of our present troubles without doing anything effectual toward preventing their future recurrence.

"Would not such an event be far more fearful to contemplate than even the worst that might attend a servile revolt, with our present number of this class of people?

"The present, irrepressible, and inevitable, between antagonist ideas of government and right, and it can end—however it may be delayed—only in the destruction of the one, and the supremacy of the other, of these principles.

* * * * * * *

"While it would be reprehensible and wicked in the extreme to incite unrestrained and vindictive slaves to insurrrection and rapine, and no one could be found to justify the act—would it not be wise, prudent, and *generalship* such as the whole country *should* rejoice at, to *possess* Virginia by military power, and thus, for the time being, supersede her local laws and institutions, and by *proclamation* give *freedom* to every inhabitant of the State?

"Such an act need include no violence, no lawlessness, no danger to any one; as the power to abolish could be exercised to restrain and direct in freedom far better than in slavery; and the motive to vengeance and blood, which inheres to the latter State, would thus be entirely removed.

"You are expected to reject these views, Mr. Editor, as both novel and utopian, and doubtless most of your readers will share in your opinions.

"Well, what then? The present contest must have *some* basis of settlement. What is the programme? Will the North consent to recognize *the* institution as a *right* of the South, and share the territory, the government and the honors of the country with it, and forever after hold its peace? Or will the South agree to "*no more slave States*" and the rest of the Chicago platform, as they and all other good citizens doubtless should? Or, both parties adhering to their several views, is the war to go on interminably, with nothing positive on the part of government calculated to bring it to an end, or remove the *cause* of our most calamitous difficulties?"

These closing questions of his are suggestive, and show how men's thoughts are stirring in the presence of this deadly strife.

Some dire necessity may come, some sore defeat in battle, which will compel emancipation; for, in days like these, years crowd into weeks, or even hours. But the great want is a wise and brave public sentiment. That is our work here. Government cannot stir unless the popular heart goes with it. Generals may command armies, but are commanded by the subtle potency of popular thought. So the more clearly people see that this crisis can only be met by emancipation, the easier the path of those in place to that "consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Peace all wish, lasting and real, but how can we gain it? Slavery always brings war; this is the lesson of history. Not a nation that held slaves has ever been exempt from bloodshed growing out of that fact. As stagnant air breeds pestilence, so slavery breeds war. As the pure living breeze brings health, so peace comes with freedom. Why has war come among us? Because there has been wanting a higher heroism than that of the battle-field—the manhood which could never weakly concede justice for peace and call the folly compromise. The "peace-measures" and "finalities" of Congress opened the way for Baltimore mobs and Sumter bombardments; for Dvais and Floyd, and all the "Pickens-and-Stealin's" tribe.

I believe we are but saying here to-day what many of the people think, and what, I fear, those who speak in many places, dare not say, even if they do think it. Many a soldier goes to fight because he hopes slavery may be, in some way, ended thereby. A member of a Vermont regiment on its way South was asked in New York if he would obey an order to return a fugitive. "No, I would be shot first," was his answer. We learn by the newspapers that a colored man came to Col Cowden's regiment in Washington a few days since, and the Boston boys gave him work and shelter. Some policemen came for him, the soldiers sent them back, they returned, twenty in number and armed, a hundred soldiers closed around the black man, and the police force left. When this gets *down* from the ranks to the officers, and to Congress and the Cabinet, matters will look up.

A young man, my friend and relative, who has enlisted to strike for Freedom, according to his idea of duty, writes home that their intercourse with the slaves is making Abolitionists of those in the ranks who have been pro-slavery. They are in Eastern Virginia, where the masters have fled to the rebels and left their farms with their slaves. It is said, you know, that "negroes cannot take care of themselves," but here comes an emergency in which they are left in charge of houses and lands. The soldiers find them without bloody ferocity or hatred, but earnestly hoping for freedom. An old man says to my friend, "We've bin waitin for ye a long time. We're all Baptists, and Christians, and you have our prayers." Prejudice and political sophistry melt away, and human sympathies come up in their place. They see *the man*, and feel he should not be a slave. In a street in Boston, a few days ago, a Massachusetts soldier—who had been sent home wounded from Baltimore, after the bloody 19th of April, and who was just able to walk about—met a colored man, a fugitive. He grasped the soldier's hand eagerly and said, "You don't know me, may be." "No, I do not," was the answer. "Do you remember, when you laid wounded in Baltimore street, by the mob, how a black man took you up, and dressed your wounds, and how a woman tore up her clothing for bandages and tossed them from the window?" "Yes, indeed I do," said the soldier. "Well, I was the man and my wife the woman." Then came the mutual and hearty hand-grasp, and a tear rolled down the white face as well as the black one. Truly, "a touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The people are in earnest, because they feel, by instinct, that the real issue is whether slavery or freedom shall rule in the land. But they have yet to learn that slavery must be ended before safety can come. I think they are taking some stern lessons in that direction, and may profit by them. Free speech, a free press, a free ballot-box, all we hold dear are at stake—for if slavery is victor, they are all swept away, in Rochester as well as Charleston.

The South, by a mad career of violence and robbery, has barred up the doors through which she might have gone, in the way of peaceful separation—the best course, after which the chief career of a Confederacy based on tyranny would soon be run; they would be compelled to emancipation to save themselves at last, and after that would come re-union. To subjugate and hold in compulsory control millions of people involves a fearful cost in blood and treasure, and ill agrees with the high aims of a free government. To subdue the rebels, to maintain the power of law, and at the same time keep up the national support of slavery—suppress insurrections, grant the three-fifths representation in Congress, and execute the infamous Fugitive laws—seems a wild dream, impossible of fulfilment in the light of a living day. Yet this is what the government is trying to do to-day.

But, *to put away the cause of war*, to rise up to the blessed regions of liberty, and light, and law, is a work worthy of a great people; a wise and noble effort, a meeting this fearful crisis in such way as to overtop and conquer the emergency.

I fear not the final issue; for it is ordered by infinite wisdom and love, that good is stronger than evil, and so

"Ever the right comes uppermost."

But it is for us to strive with heroic earnestness, that the transition from evil to good be swift and smooth. Amidst the music of broken and falling fetters, we can say to slaves and masters,

"Yet, not the less for them or thee,
Th' eternal step of progress beats
To that great Anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats."

After this war ends I hope our Union may reach to the Gulf of Mexico; but, however bounded, *let it be without a slave*. In a few years the animosity of the conflict will die away. The people of the South will rejoice at the blessed change. The better sort of those who have held slaves will rejoice—as they do in Jamaica to-day—that they hold them no longer, and, actuated and inspired by a common love of liberty, we shall have "the unity of spirit which is the bond of peace." Then shall we begin, with favoring conditions, such as never yet were ours, to try the grand experiment of the capacity of man for self-government. Then shall we have permanence, strength, moral power in the world, greater than ever. Then shall we fairly begin to demonstrate the excellence of free institutions, so that the people of the Old World shall gain inspiration, and their rulers learn high lessons. You and I can do somewhat to make or mar this future which is before us.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1861.

THE week has been a very busy one in Congress, or at least in the House of Representatives. For a wonder, the branch containing the largest number of members, the popular and turbulent branch, is greatly ahead of the other in the public business. The House could adjourn with ease to-morrow night, but the Senators are fond of talking. The sentiment in the House is so intensely against the rebels that rebel sympathizers there do not dare offend it too openly. Burnett and Vallandigham have made their pleas for the rebels occasionally, but in no factious manner. In the Senate, however, there are so many Secessionists and secession sympathizers that it is quite respectable there to utter treason in the open day. There are four known Secessionists in the Senate—Senators Polk and Johnson of Missouri, and Powell and Breckinridge of Kentucky. There are also the following-named secession sympathizers there, men who are really more dangerous enemies of the government than the open rebels: Senators Bright of Indiana, Kennedy of Maryland, and Saulsbury and Bayard of Delaware. It would not be much out of the way to put down Latham of California on this list, for, whenever he dares, he votes with the seceders.

No other government under the sun would, for a single day, tolerate such men in the National Legislature. The Senate has expelled the men who ran away, the men who are now fighting in the rebel ranks, but it permits well-known traitors to remain in Congress without an attempt to expel them. Well, this is probably to show that the North has no desire to suppress the utmost freedom of speech and action! It would be well, however, for the North to be as careful in these matters with the Abolitionists as with the rebels. Mr. Breckinridge can utter treason in the United States Senate, while his particular friends are discharging rifled cannon at the Federal troops; but how was it with free speech in Philadelphia a short time ago? If for the sake of free speech we are to tolerate treason, let the government and the people be impartial in their generosity.

The slavery question has been agitated in several ways during the past week in Congress. In the first place, Mr. Lovejoy offered and put through a resolution which is a standing rebuke to such men as Col. Burnside of Rhode Island, who was so officious in returning fugitive slaves. The vote for the resolution would have been much larger, but for the fact that many members of the House disliked, at the extraordinary session, to touch the slavery question at all. More than one Democrat said, "Don't raise this or any other question respecting slavery *now*. Wait and let *the war* take care of slavery." The general opinion seems to be that, as the war goes on, it will undermine the institution, and every loyal man in Congress is resolved, if the extremists of the slave States make it necessary, that slavery *shall be crushed out*. If the Keitts, Toombs, and other Davisites will not yield to the results of two or three battles in Virginia—if, for instance, the Federal arms should prevail all over Virginia, and the rebels should still hold out, there will be but one sentiment at the North, as there is but one here among Republicans, and it is that the slaves shall be forcibly liberated. The offer shall be made them of freedom if they will fight under the Federal flag. This result is inevitable if the war continues for any length of time.

The Kentucky delegation in the House, with the exception of Burnett, so far, has voted with the Republicans on the main issues. They take the generous ground of voting all the supplies the President asks for to put down the rebellion, and they allow him to select his own method of putting it down. This is certainly quite generous, and indeed courageous, in the Kentucky members, considering their position at home. Even Crittenden has not yet attempted to offer his old dose of compromise. He perceives that it is not appropriate to talk of compromise over rifled cannon, and therefore he bides his time. He has the compromise ready, and at a favorable opportunity will press it upon Congress, but not at this session. He sees that it would receive no support except from such base fellows as Ben. Wood and Vallandigham, and does not desire to prematurely damn the whole scheme by associating it with such names.

There is considerable dissatisfaction among the Republican members of Congress because Gen. Scott does not press onward faster towards Manassas Junction. A caucus of Senators was held to consider the subject, and at one time it seemed probable that a resolution would be agreed to for action in the Senate, expressing disapproval of the dilatory movements of our Generals. Upon a careful consideration, it was laid aside. There seems to be some distrust of Gen. Scott, as if he were playing the diplomatist instead of acting the General. I am convinced that this suspicion is not well founded. Whatever reasons Gen. Scott may have against an immediate advance "upon Richmond," they are purely military, and should be met by reasons of the same character. He may be blundering as a military commander, but if so, the criticisms should be military. It is an undeniable fact, that at every step Gen. Scott has asked of the President, "What do you want? What result is to be accomplished?" The reply has been, "The Federal flag must float everywhere in the United States territory—the rebellion must be put down." And it is just this work which Scott is trying to do; but as he is not infallible, of course it is possible that he may blunder.

Fugitive slaves constantly come into our camps, and some of them are brought over into the city. A very sharp fellow came in, a day or two since, from the rebel camp at Manassas, and he gave Gen. Scott much very valuable information. He was formerly a slave in Alabama, and came up to Manassas Junction with his master. Hearing there a great deal about the abolition army in the neighborhood, and that they were marching over the South *to free the slaves*, the fellow thought he would try his luck at finding this wonderful army of freedom, and worked his way successfully into McDowell's camp. Perhaps he was a little surprised to find that the Federal army is not bent on liberating the slaves, but however that may be, he is apparently very happy, and has not been confined or set at work. The information which he brought to the government should ensure him his freedom, even according to the slaveholding code of morals. This fugitive says that the slaves very generally regard the war as made to free them, and that they remain quiet because they expect help before long, and it would be madness for them to precipitate the conflict. The masters tell the slaves that the Abolitionists are coming to cut their throats, but it is difficult to deceive the slaves—they overhear too much of the conversation of white folks to believe such a story. When the slaves are tired of waiting for the Northern army of freedom, *then* we may look for insurrections and probably not till then.

You will have seen that already a movement has been made in the Senate towards emancipation. Senator Trumbull, who is one of the conservative Republicans, hailing from Alton, Illinois, has introduced a bill for the abolition of slavery in the States which remain disloyal. This is the entering wedge, and may prove the final overthrow of slavery. It is not expected that this subject will be brought up for consideration at the present session, but it will surely come up next winter. Mr. Lovejoy has it under consideration, and will probably introduce an original bill to the House next winter. By that time the course of the revolution will be more decided than at present, and a bill can be framed to suit the exigencies of the times. Senator Wilson is urging upon the Senate a bill which authorizes the Federal troops to take personal property in the rebellious States, giving certificates therefor, said certificates being good for nothing. Why not add an amendment freeing the slaves of all men found in arms against the government? This would not cover the whole ground, but it would be a great deal better than nothing.

AVON.

P. S. I am just informed that Senator Trumbull has not introduced the bill referred to above into the Senate. The story grew out of the fact that another member of Congress has the bill referred to prepared, but has not offered it. The statement respecting Mr. Trumbull has been published in the papers, but turns out to be untrue.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday, July 11th JAMES HOWE, in the 64th year of his age. His death was caused by falling from a building on which he was at work—the fall being the result of forgetfulness on his part in not taking the means necessary to give himself a sure foothold. His funeral was attended, on Saturday last, by a large assembly of his neighbors and friends, in the Union Baptist Church, where he had long been a worshipper.

Mr. Howe was a devoted, uncompromising Abolitionist, and he did much, by example and precept, to promote the cause. Ardently attached to the Baptist faith, he yet felt it a privilege as well as a duty to coöperate with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and his very soul abhorred the pro-slavery mendacity which brands that Society as "infidel." He lost no opportunity to hear the voice of Garrison, Phillips and their associates, on the old anti-slavery platform, and for many years was a faithful reader of THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*. His visits to this office, to obtain these papers, were almost as regular as the sun itself, and his benignant face was ever a benediction.

The clergymen who officiated at his funeral, while they did not omit to say that he "remembered them that are in bonds as bound with them," failed to make his abolitionism as prominent in their eulogies as it confessedly was in his life. They seemed, indeed, to be more anxious to make his virtues tell in favor of the sect and its doctrines than to do justice to his anti-slavery character. Probably, if they had felt at liberty to speak frankly, they would have lamented his "ultraism" in regard to slavery.

FRANCES ELIZABETH LONGFELLOW.

A sad calamity has befallen the home of our distinguished poet, Professor Longfellow, of Cambridge. His accomplished wife, while sitting at the library table, Wednesday afternoon, July 10th, making wax seals for the entertainment of her children, was accidentally burned to death. A piece of lighted paper it seems fell upon her dress, which ignited, and soon enveloped her in flames. The Professor, who was in a neighboring room, ran to her assistance, but not in time to extinguish the fire. Mrs. Longfellow lingered several hours, suffering dreadfully all the time, and expired about eleven o'clock next morning. Mr. Longfellow himself was very much injured in the hands by his efforts to save his wife.

The lady who has perished in this distressing manner was the daughter of Nathan Appleton, of Boston, and was married to the poet soon after his second return from Europe. She was distinguished by her rare personal beauty, her graceful manners, and the sweetness of her devotion to her family. She leaves behind her, to mourn an irreparable loss, five children, three of them daughters and two sons.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The funeral of Mrs. H. W. Longfellow, who was burned to death a few days ago, took place at Cambridge on Saturday, and was the occasion of highly impressive ceremonies. It took place from Professor Longfellow's house (which is well known as "Washington's Headquarters"), and was attended by most of the clergymen of Boston and Cambridge, the faculty of Harvard, and the leading men in the literary and legal ranks. The friends of the deceased in Cambridge provided numberless wreaths of rare flowers and bouquets to adorn the library room in which the body was placed. On the massive silver plate was the following inscription, cut in old English characters: "Frances Elizabeth Longfellow, born 6th October, 1817, died 10th July, 1861." The funeral service at the house commenced shortly after 12 o'clock, at which hour the bells in Cambridge were tolling in honor of the deceased. Rev. Dr. Peabody was the officiating clergyman, and at the close of the religious ceremonies the body was removed to the family burying place, on Indian Ridge, in Mount Auburn Cemetery. The religious ceremonies in the chapel were conducted by Rev. Dr. Gannet, of this city, after which the body was deposited in the tomb. The sufferings of Mr. Longfellow were so great that he was unable to attend the ceremonies.—*Boston Post.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The latest foreign arrival brings us the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Browning, an event which occurred on the 29th of June, at Florence. She was born in London in 1809, and was educated with great care in a masculine range of studies, and with a masculine strictness of intellectual discipline. Beginning to write at a very early age, in 1826 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled "An Essay on Mind, with other Poems." In 1833, she again appeared before the public in a volume entitled "Prometheus Bound, and other Poems." In 1838 appeared "The Seraphim, and other Poems." About the time of the publication of this volume, Mrs. Browning's health became impaired by the rupture of a blood vessel, and her state was rendered even more critical by the subsequent sad death of a much-beloved brother. For many years her life was that of a confirmed invalid. In the retirement of her sick chamber she sought refreshment in the gravest studies; and from her pen there appeared in *The London Athenæum*, a series of articles on the Greek Christian Poets. In 1844, the first collected edition of her works was published, and this was soon followed by her introduction to Mr. Browning, whose wife she became in the autumn of 1846, being then restored to a good degree of health. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning have resided for the most part in Florence, where, in 1849, a son was born to them. "Casa Guidi Windows" was published in 1851. "Aurora Leigh," her most important work, was published in 1856. —*Tribune.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS AND SPEECHES OF GERRIT SMITH. 8 vo., pp. 198. New York: Sold by Ross and Tousey, 121 Nassau St.

We cannot introduce this volume to our readers in any better way than by giving the titles of the papers it contains, which are as follows:

1. The Religion of Reason. A Discourse, delivered at Peterboro, Feb. 21, 1858.
2. Another Discourse on the same subject, delivered in the same place, Jan. 23, 1859.
3. A third Discourse on the same subject, delivered in the same place, June 19, 1859.
4. The One Test of Character. A Discourse, delivered at Peterboro, July 22, 1860.
5. Bible Civil Government. A Discourse, delivered at Peterboro, Nov. 18, 1860.
6. Miracles. A Discourse, delivered at Peterboro, April 14, 1861.
7. Speech in behalf of Anderson, charged with murder, and whose extradition was demanded by the United States of the Government of Canada. Delivered at Toronto, Jan. 15, 1861.
8 Speech for Human Rights, delivered in the Capitol in Albany, Feb. 6, 1861.
9. Speech at the War Meeting, held at Peterboro, April 27, 1861.
10. Letter to Rev. Dr. G. C. Beckwith, Secretary of the American Peace Society, on the relations of that Society to the Southern Rebellion, and the efforts of the Government to put it down.

If the declaration of Jesus, that he that doeth the will of God shall be able to judge of doctrines, whether they are from above or from beneath, is not wholly illusory, then, certainly, there are few men in all the world less likely than Gerrit Smith to fall into serious error, since few have exhibited a more childlike spirit of obedience to the divine law, or a purer devotion to whatever is calculated to bless and ennoble our common humanity. And yet, strange as it may seem, of all those who call themselves Christians, there is probably not one in ten thousand who would not unhesitatingly set aside all the evidences of the Christian spirit embodied in the LIFE of this eminent servant of God' and, in view of the doctrines contained in this book, pronounce him an infidel! If he were only a zealous champion of the popular creeds, he might hold slaves, deal in intoxicating drinks, and dabble in the dirty waters of pro-slavery politics to any extent, without forfeiting the name of Christian among his fellow-men; but a life of perfect obedience to the precepts of Jesus could not save him from being called an infidel, while avowing, however sincerely and modestly, his want of faith in the popular dogmas. Could anything demonstrate more clearly than this simple fact the wide departure of the popular Church and Pulpit from all that is most essential and vital in Christianity?

Whether the doctrines urged by Mr. Smith are sound or unsound, no one can deny that he has presented them not only with great clearness and force, but in a spirit of candor and good will which it were well if every writer and speaker on the same topics would imitate. We do not hesitate to commend the book to the careful attention of our readers of all phases of religious faith. Even those who dissent, however widely and earnestly, from portions of its contents, will yet find much therein to stimulate in themselves whatever is highest and best.

An excellent likeness of Mr. Smith faces the title-page.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for July (Walker, Wise & Co., Boston) contains the following papers:

1. Epicurus and Epicureans.
2. Ernst Reitschel.
3. The Origin and Composition of the Acts of the Apostles.
4. The Study and Practice of Art in America.
5. The War.
6. The Church of Holland.
7. Review of Current Literature.

Of these articles we have found time to read only the first, fourth and fifth; and of these it is enough to say that they are worthy of *The Examiner's* pages. In the first we discover the keen logic, the trenchant satire and ripe thought of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. See extract on the fourth page. From the article on the war we may perhaps give extracts hereafter.

TO BOSTON AND BACK.—Not a few of our readers have occasion, more or less frequently, to pass over one or the other of the lines of travel connecting New York with Boston and intermediate points; and to such we take pleasure in commending the line via Stonington and Providence. Recent experience enables us to assure all concerned that the two boats—the Commonwealth and the Plymouth Rock—are among the most commodious that float in American waters, and that they are in charge of officers who vigilantly guard the safety and comfort of passengers. The point of land and water connection on this route is not now Stonington, but Groton, immediately opposite New London, on the Thames river. This adds fourteen miles to the railroad portion of the route, while, if we are not mistaken, it diminishes by more than that amount the distance traversed by the boats. The time between New York and Boston is thus somewhat shortened—a matter of no small importance to travellers who wish to be *sure* of reaching Boston in time for breakfast and for departure in the first morning trains that leave that city for the North and East. We do no injustice to other routes when we say that this is the shortest and most direct, and in its appointments inferior to none.

Chronicles of the War.

THE NORTH-SIDE VIEW.

At length it is confidently announced that Gen. Scott has ordered an advance of the Grand Army under Gen. McDowell—numbering over 50,000 men—toward Richmond. The movement is supposed to have commenced on Tuesday evening, and it is not unlikely that while we are writing a bloody battle is being fought at or near Fairfax Court-House. The army was expected to move on Tuesday night no further than the advance pickets; having rested there, it would early Wednesday morning push on in its march. It is understood that an attempt will be made to circumvent Manassas Junction, and that Richmond will be approached by flank in such a way as to go around the city and attack it from the South, having cut off all communication.

The rebels in North-western Virginia have been completely crushed out by Gen. McClellan. For particulars see below. Ex-Governor Wise is supposed to be pursuing his treasonable work in the Kanawha valley (South-western Virginia), but the Union troops are after him, and if he does not speedily fall back toward Richmond, he will probably be killed or captured. Gen. McClellan will probably push on eastward, to participate in the movement toward Richmond. The force under Gen. Patterson will probably also advance upon the enemy from Martinsburg.

The latest news from Missouri and other places at the West is of a most encouraging sort. The rebels are everywhere exhibiting signs of weakness, and their cause becomes more desperate with each successive hour. In the Counties around Manassas Junction Gen. Beauregard has given orders for the impressment of every able-bodied man, in consequence of which hundreds have come within the Union lines for protection.

BRILLIANT VICTORY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

BEVERLY, Randolph Co., Va., July 13.

Yesterday morning Gen. McClellan ordered four regiments, the Eighth, Tenth, and the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, and the Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers to proceed along the line of the hills, south-east of the enemy's intrenched camp, to the Beverly Road, where it crosses Rich Mountain, two miles east of the enemy's position, with orders to advance along the Beverly Road and attack the east side of the works—Gen. McClellan being prepared to assault the west side as soon as firing should announce the commencement of the attack. The capture of a courier, who mistook the road through the enemy's camp for the route of our troops, placed the enemy in possession of the movement. When Col. Rosencranz reached the Beverly Road at 2 o'clock, after a most exhausting march over the mountains, he found the enemy posted at the opposite side of the road, about 800 strong, with two cannon, and holding a strong position, partially fortified. An engagement instantly took place, and continued for three quarters of an hour, when the rebels were totally routed, with the loss of 300 men, including officers, and both cannon.

About seventy-five of the rebels were killed, seventy-five of their wounded are in our hands, and one hundred and fifty others are prisoners.

The road was between two hills. Our troops, descending a steep declivity, were greatly exposed to the fire of the rebels, who occupied the opposite hill and poured musketry, shot and shell upon them.

Rosencranz's column remained at the place of the engagement during the night. Gen. McClellan was in position with his whole force during the whole afternoon, ready to make the assault, but heard nothing from the other column except the distant firing. Early in the morning he was proceeding to plant his cannon upon an eminence commanding a portion of the rebel camp, and prepared to attack the whole nest in front, when it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated the place during the night, moving towards Laurel Hill, leaving behind a few of their sick men, all their tents, cannon, camp equipage and transportation. A rapid march was then made by Gen. McClellan to Beverly, passing Rosencranz's command on the road with instructions to follow quickly. At Beverly it was ascertained, late in the day, that the rebel forces at Laurel Hill had retreated, moving toward Romney. Our total loss is not more than 11 killed and 35 wounded.

The foregoing is approved by Major-General McClellan.

BEVERLY, July 13.

Col. E. D. Townsend, Washington, D.C.:

The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannon, one of which is rifled, and all the enemy's camp equipage and transportation, even to his caps. The number of tents will probably reach two hundred, and more than sixty waggons. Their killed and wounded will amount to fully one hundred and fifty, with at least one hundred prisoners, and more coming in constantly. I know already of ten officers killed and prisoners. Their retreat was complete. I occupied Beverly by a rapid march. Garnett abandoned his camp early this morning, leaving much of his equipage. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid march turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to St. George. Gen. Morris is to follow him up closely. I have telegraphed for the two Pennsylvania regiments at Cumberland, to join Gen. Hill at Rowlesburg. The General is concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, and will cut off Garnett's retreat near West Union, or, if possible, at St. George. I may say that we have driven out some 10,000 troops, strongly entrenched, with the loss of eleven killed and thirty-five wounded. Provision returns found here show Garnett's force to have been 10,000 men. They were Eastern Virginians, Georgians, Tennesseeans, and, I think, Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, etc.

I trust that Gen. Cox has by this time driven Wise out of the Kanawha valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia. I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations.

G. B. MCCLELLAN.
Major-General Department of Ohio.

In a dispatch of a later date Gen. McClellan says:

"I have received from Col. Pegram propositions for the surrender, with his officers and remnant of his command, say six hundred men. They are said to be extremely penitent, and determined never again to take up arms against the General government. I shall have near nine hundred or one thousand prisoners to take care of when Col. Pegram comes in. The latest accounts make the loss of the rebels in killed some one hundred and fifty."

GRAFTON, VA., Monday, July 15, 1861.

A train arrived here this morning bringing the body of General Garnett, Adjutant-General of Virginia, and Commander of the rebel force in Western Virginia. The Rebels were pursued from Laurel Hill by Gen. Morris's command, consisting of the 11th Ohio and 7th and 9th Indiana regiments. At Carrick's Ford, Gen. Garnett attempted to rally his forces; a sharp skirmish ensued, in which Gen. Garnett was killed, and twenty of his men left on the ground, while many bodies were carried off. The rebels were completely routed and scattered. Gen. Morris's command captured forty loads of provisions, all their horses, wagons, etc.

Gen. Garnett's remains will be embalmed and placed at the disposal of his friends. Two men were killed and two mortally wounded in the Ohio 14th. There was no other loss on our side.

CINCINNATI, Monday, July 15, 1861.

A special dispatch to *The Commercial* from Grafton says that the rebels retreated from Laurel Hill on Thursday night. Gen. Morris's column commenced the pursuit the next afternoon. After a terrible forced march through rain and mud over Laurel Mountain, our advance came upon the enemy at Carrick's Ford, eight miles south of St. George, Tucker County. The rebels drew up in line of battle, and poured in a raking volley on the right of our column, the Ohio 14th, which returned a hot fire, lasting twenty minutes, when Col. Dumont's Indiana 7th made a charge upon their battery. They broke and ran, crossing the ford at St. George.

Gen. Robert S. Garnett, while attempting to rally his flying men, was struck by a ball passing through his spine and out at the right breast. He fell dead on the sand.

Col. Dumont continued the chase two miles, and bivouacked. The rest bivouacked on the battle ground. We captured forty loaded waggons, one rifled cannon, and two stand of colors. We killed twenty, wounded many, and took more prisoners than we could take care of. The flight was hurried into a disastrous rout. Our loss was two killed and two mortally wounded. The rebels lost all their tents, camp equipage, army chests, clothing, one hundred muskets, knapsacks, and large quantities of ammunition. They retreated up the Horse-shoe, but it is hoped Gen. Hill will meet and still further rout them near West Union.

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1861.

The following is just received by the War Department:

"HUTTONSVILLE, July 14, 1861.

"COL. E. D. TOWNSEND—*Sir:* Gen. Garnett and all his forces are routed. His baggage and one gun taken. His army are entirely demoralized. Gen. Garnett is killed. We have annihilated the enemy in Western Virginia. We have but thirteen killed and not more than forty wounded. We have in all killed at least 200 of the enemy, and the prisoners will number at least 1,000. We have taken seven guns in all. I still look for the capture of the remnant of Garnett's army by Gen. Hill. The troops defeated are the crack regiments of Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseeans, and Carolinians. Our success is complete, and secession is killed in this part of the country.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

A FUGITIVE IN THE GARRISON AT ANNAPOLIS.—At midnight on Thursday, the 11th inst., the garrison at Annapolis was alarmed by two vagabondish looking fellows, running the guard in pursuit of a fugitive slave. They were all kept in the guard-house till morning, when Col. Pinckney brought them up for examination. *The Tribune* correspondent says:

"One of the men, a recognized 'hound,' or 'nigger-hunter,' named McCabe, about 22 years of age, a fellow of most brutish countenance, stated that on Wednesday morning, while across the river Severn picking cherries, a negro approached him. He asked him where he was going, and to whom he belonged, to which the negro replied what he (McCabe) knew to be false. They walked together toward a piece of woods, when McCabe, drawing a revolver, turned suddenly upon the negro, and pointing the weapon at his head, said, "You are a runaway, and must go with me." The negro instantly grappled with him, when McCabe discharged the piece at his breast. The ball glanced and tore the skin and flesh from the negro's breast, almost to the ribs, but happily did not enter his body. The scuffle resulted in the negro obtaining possession of the revolver, when McCabe fearing for his life took to his heels. McCabe said that he made his way to Annapolis, and while walking the streets in the evening again met the negro. Procuring another revolver, and the service of one of the policemen of Annapolis, he again set out to capture the negro. After a long chase, the fugitive, to escape his pursuers, jumped into the river, and swam around the wall into the garrison.

"While this examination was progressing, John T. Magruder, the Mayor of the city of Annapolis, came in and suggested to the Colonel that the 'nigger' had better be sent to jail. He said that *the laws of the State authorized any man to arrest or shoot down runaway 'niggers.'*

"The fugitive, who gave his name as 'Nick,' was asked what he had to say, when he remarked that he belonged to Mr. Allison and had run away to save his life. He said that about a fortnight ago the hands were engaged cradling, when his cradle got out of order; that he stopped to fix it, when his master, a young man about 20 years of age, commenced "jawing" him, and finally struck him over the head with a stick. Enraged by so unprovoked an attack, Nick made some reply, when Allison said, 'I'll blow your G—d d—d brains out,' and made off to the house for his revolver. Nick, fearing for his life, fled to the woods, and had been absent two weeks when he encountered McCabe. He said that he had rather be sold away down South than go back to his master.

"The parties were hereupon called upon to subscribe to the evidence they had given, when McCabe and the policeman said they could not write. Nick, however, stepped to the desk and wrote his name in a bold hand.

"At the solicitation of the Mayor, the Colonel allowed McCabe and the policemen their liberty, although feeling much disposed to punish them more severely than by a night's confinement in the guard-house, for passing the sentinel.

"Nick was sent to the hospital, where Assistant-Surgeon Vondersmith dressed his wound, and gave him such other attention as his case required.

"During the forenoon, Mr. Ireland, the Postmaster of Annapolis, came to the garrison and whiningly told Col. Pinckney that he knew the slave's master—that he was a right smart young feller, and that Nick was his head 'nigger,' and that he wouldn't take $1,500 for him, and concluded by asking the Colonel if he couldn't be allowed to take Nick to his house, where he would keep him and care for him until he (Mr. Ireland) could write to his *marster*. Colonel Pinckney declined, and thus the matter rested until Friday morning when Mr. Ireland again came to the garrison and said that the slave's marster had come and wanted an interview with the Colonel. The latter replied that the man was dangerously wounded and was in the hospital, where he would be kept for the present. Soon after Col. Pinckney left the garrison for the Baltimore steamboat, but had scarcely set foot on board before he was accosted by the Mayor and the owner of Nick, the former being exceedingly excited and anxious about the matter. The owner said angrily: 'I want my nigger,' to which Colonel Pinckney coolly replied: 'The man is badly wounded, and I have sent him to the hospital where he will be well treated.'

"*Owner*—But I want you to give him to me. I'll send him to the jail and have him attended to there.

"*Col. P.*—The disturbance in regard to this man occurred in the garrison, and I intend investigating it further.

"*Mayor* (supplicatingly)—I think, Colonel, the 'nigger' would be safer in jail.

"*Col. P.*—O, he's safe enough. I shall keep him in the hospital for a while.

"The owner was about giving vent to some vile language, when the Mayor led him away. Thus the matter rests."

Congress.

OF the proceedings of this body during the last week we have no room for a particular record. The Senate, 32 to 10, expelled the traitor Senators—Mason, Hunter, Clingman, Bragg, Chestnut, Nicholson, Sebastian, Mitchell, Hemphill and Wigfall. A proposition to lighten the punishment by simply striking their names from the roll was voted down. The new Senators from Virginia—W. B. Wiley in place of Mr. Mason, and J. S. Carlile in place of Mr. Hunter—were admitted to their seats in spite of the feeble opposition of Messrs. Bayard, Saulsbury of Delaware and Powell of Kentucky. Mr. Saulsbury, on the 12th, offered a resolution proposing amendments to the Constitution, for a peaceful adjustment of the present difficulties. The proposed amendments are simply the old Crittenden resolutions of compromise. On Monday, Mr. Dixon of Connecticut—before the war esteemed conservative, with leanings toward compromise—presented a memorial from citizens of that State, asking for the adoption of such measures by Congress as shall sustain the government of the United States in the present crisis. He supported the memorial in an eloquent and patriotic speech. He said: "Sir, my desire is to see an early, overpowering, irresistible movement of our troops upon the insurgents. Every day's delay beyond the time absolutely necessary for preparations, is fraught with incalculable mischief to the cause of the Union, more especially if this delay is caused by political rather than military reasons. . . . To-morrow, next week, at

Miscellaneous Department.

COMPROMISE.

THE veriest spawn of the "Father of Lies"
Is that creeping creature called Compromise.

A slimy thing in villanous guise,
With the pompous title—Compromise.

The tool of the weak—the scorn of the wise—
Oh! men! beware of Compromise!

Crooked and dark the pathway lies
Before the fiend named Compromise.

Avoiding the gleam of good men's eyes,
Characterless crawls Compromise.

Two cowards at war—one of them cries,
"Let's settle the matter by Compromise!"

So, wrapped in a screen that detection defies,
In stalks the umpire—Compromise.

Two thieves who grasp at a stolen prize,
Divide the spoils by Compromise.

A country groans and a nation sighs
When the leaders turn to Compromise.

Though fools may hope to strengthen ties
By Cotton bands of Compromise.

If you wish to see a nation rise,
Dare to speak of Compromise!

Accursed be he who sells or buys
His country's honor with Compromise!

Hang him high, and after he dies,
Write on his tomb-stone—Compromise!

Can ye never a plan devise
To save your land but Compromise?

Come to your senses! Up! Arise!
Ere you strike on the rock of Compromise!

—*Vanity Fair.*

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.

[From a profoundly able Address, delivered at Newport, R. I., on the recent Anniversary of American Independence, by HENRY JAMES, we present these extracts.]

I NEVER felt proud of my country for what many seem to consider her prime distinction, namely, her ability to foster the rapid accumulation of private wealth. It does not seem to me a particularly creditable thing that a greater number of people annually grow rich under our institutions than they do anywhere else. It is a fact, no doubt, and like all facts, has its proper amiable signification when exposed to the rectifying light of Truth. But it is not the fact which, in a foreign land, for example, has made my heart to throb and my cheeks to glow when I remembered the great and happy people beyond the sea, when I thought of the vast and fertile land that lay blossoming and beckoning to all mankind beyond the setting sun. For there in Europe one sees this same private wealth, in less diffused form, it is true, concentrated in greatly fewer hands no doubt, but at the same time associated in many cases with things that go every way to dignify it or give it a lustre not its own; associated with traditional family refinement, with inoffensive, unostentatious manners, with the practice of art and science and literature, and sometimes with the pursuit of toilsome and honorable personal adventure. Every one knows, on the other hand, how little *we* exact from our rich men; how meagre and mean and creeping a race we permit our rich men to be, if their meanness is only flavored with profusion. I have not been favored with a great many rich acquaintances, but still I have known a not inconsiderable number, and I have never found them the persons to whom one would spontaneously resort in his most celestial moments, or communicate with the most naturally in his deepest sorrows. Of course, I have known exceptions to this rule, men whose money only serves to illustrate their superior human sweetness, men of whose friendship everybody is proud. But as a general thing, nevertheless, one likes best to introduce one's foreign acquaintance, not to our commercial nabobs who aggravate the price of house-rent and butcher's meat so awfully to us poor Newporters; not to our fast financiers and bank-cashiers who, on a salary of $3,000 a year, contrive to support in luxury, beside their proper wife and offspring, a dozen domestic servants, and as many horses; but to our, in the main, upright, self-respecting, and, if you please, untutored, but at the same time unsophisticated children of toil, who are the real fathers and mothers of our future distinctive manhood.

No; what makes one's pulse to bound when he remembers his own home under foreign skies, is never the rich man, or the learned man, or the distinguished man of any sort who illustrates its history, for in all these petty products almost every country may favorably, at all events tediously, compete with our own; but it is all simply the abstract manhood itself of the country, man himself unqualified by convention, the man to whom all these conventional men have been simply introductory, the man who—let me say it—for the first time in human history, finding himself in his own right erect under God's sky, and feeling himself in his own right the peer of every other man, spontaneously aspires and attains to a far freer and profounder culture of his nature than has ever yet illustrated humanity.

For, after all what do we prize in men? Is it their selfish or social worth? Is it their personal or their human significance? Unquestionably only the latter. All the refinement, all the accomplishment, all the power, all the genius under heaven, is only a nuisance to us if it minister to individual vanity, or be associated with a sentiment of aloofness to the common life, to the great race which bears us upon her spotless bosom and nourishes us with the milk of her own immortality. What is the joy we feel when we see the gifted man, the man of genius, the man of high conventional place of whatever sort, come down to the recognition of the lowliest social obligations; what is it but a testimony that the purest personal worth is then most pure when it denies itself, when it leaps over the privileged interval which separates it from the common life, and comes down to identify itself with the commonest? This sentiment of human unity, of the sole original sacredness of man and the purely derivative sanctity of persons, no matter who they are, *is what we are born to*, and what we must not fail to assert with an emphasis and good will which may, if need be, make the world resound. For it is our very life, the absolute breath of our nostrils, which alone qualifies us to exist.

That the forms in which our human freedom expresses itself in these latitudes may be open to just criticism in many respects, I cordially admit and even insist; but he who sees the uncouth form alone, and has no feeling for the beautiful human substance within it, for the soul of fellowship that animates and redeems it of all malignity, would despise the shapeless embryo because it is not the full-formed man, and burn up the humble acorn, because it is not yet the branching oak. But the letter is nothing, the spirit everything. The letter kills, the spirit alone gives life; and it is exclusively to this undeniable spiritual difference between Europe and America as organized and expressed in our own constitutional polity that all our formal differences are owing. Our very Constitution binds us, that is to say, the very breath of our political nostrils binds us to disown all distinctions among men, to disregard persons, to disallow privilege the most established and sacred, to legislate only for the common good, no longer for those accidents of birth or wealth or culture which spiritually individualize man from his kind, but only for those great common features of social want and dependence which naturally unite him with his kind, and inexorably demand the organization of such unity. It is this immense constitutional life and inspiration we are under which not only separates us from Europe, but also perfectly explains by antagonism that rabid hostility which the South has always shown toward the admission of the North to a fair share of government patronage, and which now animates her in the dirty and diabolic struggle she is making to give human slavery the sanction of God's appointment. It is idle to talk of our political troubles as springing up out of the ground, as having no graver origin than party fanaticism or folly. These troubles, on the contrary, are the inevitable fruit of our very best growth, the sure harbingers, I am persuaded, of that rising Sun of Righteousness whose beams shall never again know eclipse. They are merely an evidence on a larger scale and in a public sphere, of the discord which every righteous man perceives at some time or other to exist between his essential human spirit and his perishable animal flesh. For every nation is in human form, is, in fact, but an aggregate or composite form of manhood greatly grander and more complex than the simple forms of which it is made up, but having precisely the same intense unity within itself, and claiming like each of them a quickening controlling spirit and an obedient servile body. This animating, controlling spirit of our national polity, like that of our own private souls, is divine, comes from God exclusively, and is only revealed, never exhausted, only embodied or empowered, never belittled or enfeebled, by the literal symbols in which human wisdom contrives to house it. That part of the letter of our Constitution which best reveals the majestic human spirit that animates our polity, is of course its preamble. But the real divinity of the nation, its vital, imperishable holiness, resides not in any dead parchment, but only in the righteous, unselfish lives of those who see in any Constitution but the luminous letter of their inward spiritual faith, but the visible altar of their invisible worship, and rally around it therefore with the joyous unshrinking devotion not of slaves but of men.

Now, such being the undoubted spirit of our polity, what taint was there in its material constitution, in our literal maternal inheritance, to affront this righteous paternal spirit, and balk its rich promise, by turning us, its children, from an erect, sincere, hopeful and loving brotherhood of men intent upon universal aims, into a herd of greedy, luxurious swine, into a band of unscrupulous political adventurers and sharpers, the stink of whose corruption pervades the blue spaces of ocean, penetrates Europe, and sickens every struggling nascent human hope with despair?

The answer leaps at the ears: it is slavery and slavery only. This is the poison which lurked almost harmless at first in our body politic, and to which its righteous soul is an utter stranger; this is the curse we inherited for the maternal English Eve out of whose somewhat loose lascivious lap we sprung. But of late years the poison has grown so rank and pervasive, making its citadel, indeed, the very heart of the commonwealth, or those judicial and legislative chambers whence all the tides of its activity proceed, that each successive political administration of the country proves more recreant to humanity than its predecessor, until at last we find shameless God-forsaken men, holding high place in the government, become so rabid with its virus as to mistake its slimy purulent ooze for the ruddy tide of life, and commend its foul and fetid miasm to us as the fragrant breath of assured health. It is easy enough to falsify the divinity which is shaping our constitutional action, wherever a will exists to do so. Men whose most cherished treasure can be buttoned up in their breeches pocket, and whose heart, of course, is with their treasure, are, doubtless, panting to convince the country that we have already done enough for honor, and the sooner a sham peace is hurried up the better. It only needs a wily wolf of this sort to endue himself here and there in sheep's clothing, and bleat forth a cunning pathetic lament over the causeless misfortunes which have befallen our bread-and-butter interests, to see dozens of stupid sheep taking up in their turn the sneaking hypocritical bleat, and preparing their innocent fleece for his dishonest lupine shears. The friends of Mammon are numerous in every community; but blessed be God, they nowhere rule in the long run. They are numerous enough to give an odious flavor to the broth: but they never constitute its substance. It is impossible that we should err in this great crisis of our destiny, a crisis to which that of our national birth or independence yields in dignity and importance, as much as body yields to soul, flesh to spirit, childhood to manhood. For this is the exact crisis we are in: the transition from youth to manhood, from appearance to reality, from passing shadow to deathless substance. Every man and every nation of men encounters somewhere in its progress a critical hour, big with all its future fate: and woe be to the man, woe be to the nation who believes that this sacred responsibility can be trifled with. To every man and to every nation it means eternal life or eternal death; eternal liberty or eternal law; the heaven of free spontaneous order, or the hell of enforced prudential obedience. There is no man who hears me who does not know something of this bitter sweat and agony; whose petty trivial cares have not been dignified and exalted by some glimpse of this hidden inward fight; who has not at times heard the still, small voice of truth on the one hand counselling him to do the right thing though ruin yawn upon his hopes—counselling him even *to force himself to do the honest thing though it cost him tears of blood*—and the earthquake voice of hell on the other, or the fiery breath of passion infuriated by long starvation, doing its best to drown and devour it. Our national life, believe me, is at that exact pass in this awful moment, and nowhere else. It is the hour of our endless rise into all beautiful human proportions, into all celestial vigor and beatitude; or of our endless decline into all infernality and uncleanness, and into the inevitable torments which alone discipline such uncleanness. And we must not hesitate for a moment to fight it manfully out to its smiling, blissful end, feeling that it is not our own battle alone, that we are not fighting for our own country only, for our own altars and firesides as men have fought hitherto, but for the altars and firesides of universal man, for the ineradicable rights of human nature itself.

The political tumble-down we have met with is no accident, as unprincipled politicians would represent it. It is the fruit of an inevitable expansion of the human mind itself, of an advancing social consciousness in the race, an ever-widening sense of human unity, which will no longer be content with the old channels of thought, the old used-up clothes of the mind, but irresistibly demands larger fields of speculation, freer bonds of intercourse and fellowship. We have only frankly to acknowledge this great truth in order to find the perturbation and anxiety which now invade our unbelieving bosoms dispelled; in order to hear henceforth, in every tone of the swelling turbulence that fills our borders, no longer forebodings of disease, despair, and death, but prophecies of the highest health, of kindling hope, of exuberant righteousness, and endless felicity for every man of woman born. "I was once," says an old writer, "I was once in a numerous crowd of spirits in which everything appeared at sixes and sevens: they complained, saying, that now a total destruction was at hand, for in that crowd nothing appeared in consociation, but everything loose and confused, and this made them fear destruction, which they supposed also would be total. But in the midst of their confusion and disquiet, I perceived a soft sound, angelically sweet, in which was nothing but what was orderly. The angelic choirs thus present were within or at the centre; and the crowd of persons to whom appertained what was disorderly, were without or at the circumference. This flowing angelic melody continued a long time, and it was told me that hereby was signified how the Lord rules confused and disorderly things which are upon the surface, namely, *by virtue of a pacific principle in the depths or at the centre; whereby the disorderly things upon the surface are reduced to order, each being restored from the error of its nature.*" The pacific and restorative principle which in the same way underlies all our political confusion and disorder, and which will irresistibly shape all our national life to its own righteous and orderly issues, is the rising sentiment of human society or fellowship, the grand invincible faith of man's essential unity and brotherhood. The social conscience, the conscience of what is due to every man as man having the same Divine origin and the same Divine destiny with all other men, is becoming preternaturally quickened in our bosoms, and woe betide the Church! woe betide the State! that ventures to say to that conscience, thus far shalt thou go, and no further! Slavery has this incredible audacity. Slavery, which is the only institution of our European inheritance we have left unmodified, confronts and spits upon this rising tide of God's righteousness in the soul of man. Slavery boldly denies what all our specific culture affirms, namely, the inviolable sanctity of human affection in every form, the inviolable freedom of human thought in every direction. The cultivated intelligence of the race abhors the claim of any human being to possess an *absolute* property in any other being, *i. e.*, a property unvivified by the other's unforeed, spontaneous gift. Slavery affirms this diabolic pretension; affirms the *unqualified* title of the master to outrage, if need be, the sacredest instincts of natural affection in the slave, and to stifle at need his feeblest intellectual expansion. Accordingly the heart of man, inspired by God and undepraved by mammon, pronounces slavery, with no misgiving, an unmitigated infamy; and the intelligence of man, thence enlightened, declares that its empire shall not be extended. We have no right to say that evil shall not exist where it already does exist without our privity; but we have not only all manner of right, both human and divine, to say that its existence shall not be promoted by our active connivance; it is our paramount wisdom as men, and our paramount obligation as citizens, to say so. Such, at all events, is our exact social attitude with respect to slavery. Every unsophisticated soul of man feels it to be what it actually is, namely, the ultimate or most general form and hence the king of all the evil pent up in human nature; so that when it once disappears by the clear, indignant refusal of the human mind any longer actively to coöperate with it, all those interior and subtler shapes of evil which now infest us, and are held together by it as the viscera of the body are held together by the skin, will be dissipated along with it. We know not when the hour of this great salvation shall strike. We only know that, as God is just and sovereign, it must strike ere long, and that, when it does strike, the morning stars of a richer creation than has yet been seen on earth will sing together, and all the sons of God in every subtlest ineffable realm of His dominion shout for joy. Our government itself is waking up from its long trance; is beginning to perceive that there is something sacreder than commerce on earth; that the interests of this very commerce, in fact, will best be promoted by first of all recognizing that there are depths in the human soul, demands of immaculate righteousness and assured peace, which all the pecuniary prosperity of the world can never satisfy. In short, the government is fast coming, let us hope, to a consciousness of its distinctively social or human function, by practically confessing that its supreme responsibility is due only to man, and no longer to persons, or infuriated sectional exactions. Of course, in this state of things, it will become gradually converted from the mere tool it has hitherto been for adroit political knaves to do what they please with, into a grandly social force reflecting every honest human want, fulfilling every upright human aspiration. What matters it if, in this state of things, we forfeit the empty political prestige we have hitherto enjoyed with European *statesmen?* Let us only go on overtly to inaugurate that promised perfect society on earth, all whose officers shall be *peace*, and its sole exactors *righteousness*, by practically acknowledging on all occasions the infinite Divine Good enshrined in man's heart, the infinite Divine Truth enthroned in his understanding, and we shall fast attain to a social standing in the eyes of European *peoples*, which shall grandly compensate our mere political disasters, and do more to modify the practice of European statesmen themselves than anything else we could possibly do.

In this state of things, how jealously should we watch the Congress to-day assembling at Washington! How clear should be the watchword we telegraph to guide their deliberations! Have *we*, indeed, no higher monition for our Legislature than old heathen Rome supplied to hers, viz., *to see that the Republic suffer no damage?* The body is much, but it is not the soul. The Republic is much, but it is not all. It is much as a means, but nothing as an end. It is much as a means to human advancement, but nothing as its consummation. It is much as an onward march of the race, it is nothing whatever as its final victory and rest. Let us be sure that, so far as we are concerned, our legislators understand this. Let them know that we value the Republic so much, only because we value man more; that we value peace, prosperity, and wealth not as ends but as means to an end, which are justice, truth, and mercy, in which alone man's real peace, his true prosperity, and his abiding wealth reside, and which will be ours only so long as we are faithful to the gospel of human freedom and equality. For my part, if I thought that our rulers were going to betray, in this agonizing hour, the deathless interest confided to them; if I thought that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were going at last to palter with the sublime instinct of human peace and human righteousness that elevated them to power and gives them all their personal prestige, by making the least conceivable further concession to the obscene demon of slavery, then I could joyfully see Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward scourged from the sacred eminence they defile, yea more, could joyfully see our boasted political house itself laid low in the dust forever, because, in that case, its stainless stars and stripes would have sunk from a banner of freemen into a dishonored badge of the most contemptible people on earth; a people that bartered away the fairest spiritual birthright any people ever yet were born to, for the foulest mess of material pottage ever concocted of shameless lust and triumphant fraud.

OUR VILLAGE AT DAYBREAK.

'Tis daybreak over the village; I look from the rustic inn,
And watch the widening sunshine its day's bright march begin,
As the burnished clouds turn fiery red, and the lark awakes his kin.

In the very heart of the village, where the double hammer rings,
You hear the joyful blackbird in the parson's croft that sings,
Where the thankless wasp sucks at the grapes, yet while they feed him, stings.

The cobbler, up an hour ere dawn, carols long psalms all through,
Stitching away with prying eyes at the miller's daughter's shoe;
She's the deftest foot in the country-side, and beauty enough for two.

The waggon-team went jingling out a good half hour ago;
The sturdy lad, who smacked the whip, seemed to be all of a glow;
The ploughman's horses stride along, broad-chested, in a row.

The cock crows shrill; the lark is up, the rooks are loud on the tree;
The flowers are out; the brook chirps on, each happy in its degree;
And the ripples of red run over the sky as the wind shouts in its glee.

Now the doors slip back their trusty bolts, and the shutters rattle down;
Glad faces look up at the morning sky, and voices fill the town,
While drowsy girls at the village pump brim up the pitcher brown.

Day's up; and I must sally out for many a happy mile,
Through flowery lanes, by river-sides, resting at many a stile
(A vagrant artist, on the tramp), and singing all the while.
—*Chambers's Journal.* X. X.

THE MODERN EPICURUS.

From The Christian Examiner.

THE modern Epicurus, in his ordinary estate, is a well-bred man of the world, with some amiable common sense, and an unsounded capacity for enjoyment. His earthly paradise is Paris, whither, if it be not his blessedness to be born there, he loves to make an occasional pilgrimage, to dine at the Trois Freres, saunter along the Boulevards des Italiens, and drive in the Bois de Boulogne. If an American, he is probably a New Yorker, and by profession almost anything you will, provided it be merely profession. You may meet Epicurus, out of business hours, on Broadway, in a print-shop or a book store; in the evening, in his opera-box or at the club. About the details of his life there is a little mystery, which scandal has long been trying to dissipate, which charity is willing to leave undisturbed. To all appearance, his style of living is moderate and elegant; evidently arranged with a view to securing all the luxury that is consistent with agreeable physical sensations. Having no fondness for domestic cares or family responsibilities, he is by choice a bachelor, like his ancient master, though if Cupid smites him with a golden arrow, diamond-pointed, he gracefully submits to the holy bond which unites to him a woman's beauty and fortune, and consents to charge himself with the duty of preserving the one and spending the other. The social tastes of Epicurus are rather exclusive, though not perhaps strictly select. The great unwashed are his aversion; but one would judge, from two or three of his intimates, that he had no deadly antipathy to impurity so long as it did not appear on the skin. Our friend, who has travelled, observed, and meditated much, is a great philosopher. He can talk finely about the equality of human conditions, the nice distribution of happiness in every human lot, and the compensations to be found in all human estates. It is really beautiful to hear him enlarge on the simple pleasures of the poor, the immunities of the disfranchised, the privileges of the lowly, and the innocent joys of the enslaved. So profound is his faith in Providence, that he will not see that anything in the universe needs correcting. We have heard him maintain, over his sherbet and Madeira, that the world would be well enough if men would only let it alone. He has no patience with philanthropists and reformers, he has no faith in saints and heroes—not he: they are knaves and pretenders, all of them—do more harm than good. As for chivalry, disinterestedness, and all that, every man of common sense knows it is nothing but self-love in showy disguise. Everybody has his price; we all get what pleasure we can; and we all avoid pain if we can. A great philosopher. It is astonishing what a reputation for wisdom he has acquired by simply assuming that all men are knaves, and that frailty's name is woman.

In politics, as in morals, our philosopher is conservative. In fact, he hates politics and politicians, and annually threatens to leave the country for England or France, where the government is strong enough to protect property and the rights of gentlemen from socialists and radicals. The people, he thinks, ought to be governed. Laws which the well-to-do of all time have found perfectly satisfactory, ought to be satisfactory still, and ought to be preserved by force, if need be. Once, the privileges of the finer clay were respected; but now the earth is plagued by enthusiasts, who talk about their consciences, and are forever reminding people of certain eternal principles of equity, humanity, and the like. Nonsense. Life is a compromise—a perpetual compromise between pains and pleasures, goods and ills. And your grand patriots and benefactors are simply men whose great luxury is the indulgence of their own self-esteem, and who "value money and social rank less than the pleasure of venting their spleen and making a sensation."

Epicurus is seen occasionally at the Church where the best soprano in town is to be heard, and the pink of the fashion is to be seen, and he is quite sure that the preacher will say nothing to create an unpleasant sensation. No one, indeed, ever suspected him of excessive piety. Some of his friends have frankly confessed that his attachment to the forms of worship perhaps exceeded his love of religion. But it is shameful for those horribly earnest people out of doors to say, that he has no more faith in Christianity than the Grand Turk? For has he not a great dread of heresy and innovation? Does he not abhor the New Lights? Is he not a stanch friend of religious institutions, and has he not often been heard to say that the Church was quite invaluable as an instrument of conservatism, as a means for keeping the ignorant and passionate under some salutary restraint? When he speaks of the impossibility of knowing anything about the secrets of the universe, and the uselessness of speculating upon the causes and essences of things, his conversation is really edifying to all comfort-loving souls. And so large is his charity, that, in his tolerance, all religions are alike to him: one is no more true or venerable than another; he has a theory that they are all, at last, the same thing. And to show that this is not mere theory, he actually changed his religion two or three times in Europe, in order to gain admission to certain holy cities and shrines belonging to the Turks. He is beneficent too. He contributed last year to the ragged schools, saying wisely, that it was better to pay a dollar for prevention than ten dollars for cure; that poor schools were cheaper than jails, and teachers less expensive than officers. It is so painful for him to contemplate suffering, that he often flings an alms to a street beggar with an air which seems to say that it costs him less to give than to refuse. He disapproves, in the abstract, of grave social wrongs, even when they do not affect himself. And such is his love of peace and quietness, that he would be glad to hang and shoot everybody who disturbs the settled tranquillity of the public mind. He is a kind, pleasant, patronizing, gracious gentleman, with the softest voice and blandest manner and handsomest words you ever knew, and it is a shame to call him a materialist and an atheist, a man of such affability and delicacy.

But Epicurus is happy—happy in his temperament and happy in his condition, happy in his felicitous choice of amusements and of vices, happy in his felicitious escape from the curse of anxiety and care, happy in his pleasant self-esteem, and happy in the reputation he enjoys of being an estimable member of society, a patron of liberal arts, a friend of order and good morals, a moderate man shunning extremes, and exhibiting to the world the natural alliance between virtue and happiness, the entire truth of the maxim that gain is godliness.

THE COTTON SUPPLY.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BRITISH COTTON SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

From The London Times, June 20.

THE Cotton Supply Association has just published its fourth annual report, and from that document we can gather some very encouraging information. Cotton is a plant which can be grown in so very many countries that the mere selection of soil counts for nothing in the problem. There are hundreds of spots in our own colonial empire which could produce cotton enough for the consumption of all Lancashire; but cotton is of various kinds; it requires peculiar preparation for the market, and, as it is bulky in character, facilities of communication enter very largely into the question. It is probably not every cotton country that could produce cotton equal to the Sea Island kind; but the supply of Sea Island cotton is always small. It forms only about 1-50th part of our whole annual supply; so that the question of quality is not a very critical one. The cleaning process is exceedingly important, but that, again, depends only on instruments which can be easily furnished, and dexterity which can be quickly acquired. In the end we come to this, that the whole problem turns upon facilities of transport. In fact, if India had but good roads, the question would be solved for the present; and that is evidently the opinion of the Cotton Supply Association. It is easy to supply good seeds and good cleaning machines, but it is by no means easy to get the cotton from the field to the coast. Carriage is either impracticable altogether, or so tedious and costly as to absorb an enormous proportion of the whole value of the crop.

Another point to be considered is the immense magnitude of the trade, which calls for a corresponding extent of organization. This is where the United States had so great an advantage. They had got the trade in their own hands, and they had gradually brought it to perfection. They supplied the best cotton with infallible punctuality, and in such quantities as almost to suffice for the entire consumption of the country. To organize a commerce like this must needs be a work of time. It is a question whether any one country could ever do again what the United States have done. India would make the nearest approach to the mark, beyond a doubt; but then comes another question—whether we should not make a point rather of distributing than concentrating our demands. India has far greater capabilities than any other country, but India might be troubled, just like America, and all our anxiety would come over again. Four years ago, we should have felt a great deal of uneasiness if all our cotton supplies had been drawn from Bombay. The object is to insure ourselves against all kinds of contingencies; against bad seasons and damaged crops as well as against political disturbances. To effect this we must divide our resources, and put our eggs in more baskets than one. Perhaps we shall never get better served than we have been served by America; but, unluckily, that service was never safe to last. It was always exposed to danger from the operations of natural circumstances, and now events which nobody could foresee have threatened it with most serious interruption. What may be the turn of affairs in America we shall not attempt to conjecture, but if the cotton crop of 1861 can be raised in spite of war, and exported in spite of a blockade, it can hardly be expected to reach us without large deductions.

NEW SOURCES OF SUPPLY.

To compensate for this possible deficiency we have many new sources of supply opened. The report of the Association actually enumerates fifty-eight different ports, from which cotton either never came before, or had ceased to come, or came in insignificant quantities, but which have contributed to our supplies with greater or less success during the last twelve months. Attention has also been paid to quality, and upwards of one hundred and fifty samples have been dispatched from various countries to the committee of the Association for inspection and appraisement. In fact, the Association has been doing for the last year or two all over the world what government within the last few months has been doing in India. The committee could not speak with official authority, but they "agitated," "corresponded," and set things in motion wherever they saw a chance. They let all manner of people understand that we wanted cotton, and were ready to pay for it. They described the kind of cotton required, and made grants of the proper seed. They sent out good gins for cleaning the cotton, and presses for packing it. They were ready, in short, to provide everything except roads, and that, as we have seen, is more than the Indian government itself can do.

THE BRITISH MANUFACTURING INTEREST.

Perhaps it will be asked how far all this was really called for, and which was in the right—the manufacturing interest, which was disposed to leave things to themselves, or the Association, which took them thus under control? We have no hesitation in saying that the doctrines of the Association have been justified by events. The committee explain their own position by saying that their object was not to interfere with the law of supply and demand, but to remove certain obstacles in the way of its free operation. The truth was that the whole case was exceptional—exceptional, not only from the magnitude of the trade, but from the institutions of the country which had got a monopoly of the supply. The manufacturers were right in saying that their demand would insure a supply in the ordinary way, but they forgot that the supplies they needed were more than ordinary supplies, and that their trade was too important to endure ordinary interruptions. The Americans, no doubt, were just as anxious to sell as the Lancashire men were to buy, but there might come a time when they could not sell, and then what were we to do? Wait till the fresh supplies rushed into the vacuum? That would be the ordinary course, no doubt, and in due time the supplies would certainly have come; but what would have been our condition in the meanwhile? That is where the case differs from ordinary cases. The trade is so immense, and the interests involved in it are so incalculably great, that we cannot take the risk of even six months' interruption. It is no easy matter, as we have found, to deal with the distress of a single city, but the stoppage of our cotton mills would throw a fourth part of our population out of the work from which their daily bread is earned. So long as the Americans monopolised the supply, no other people felt the operation of the demand. Now people in all quarters of the globe have been told that we are anxious to receive cotton, and cotton is coming in accordingly—not a day too soon. It would have come in, of course, in any case, at some time or other, but, except for timely agitation of the question, it would have come too late.

THE REFORM OF FALLEN WOMEN.

THE English correspondent of *The Boston Recorder* gives the following account of the results of the "Midnight Meeting Movement" in Great Britain within the past year.

The midnight meetings were originated for the purpose of assembling fallen women, that the invitations of the Gospel might be placed before them with affectionate earnestness, and an opportunity afforded them of forsaking their sins and leading a new life.

The midnight hour was found to be the most suitable for the meetings, at which plain refreshments were provided, followed by a pointed religious service and personal conversation.

There are upwards of 40,000 outcast women in London, two-thirds of whom are from the country. All other classes have the Gospel preached to them, and the fullness of the love of Christ, offered for their reception; but these poor creatures, *previous to the commencement of this "movement,"* had no such opportunities, no such hope or pardon tendered for their comfort.

Nineteen meetings have been held, and upward of 600 women rescued.

In addition to this, a great spirit of inquiry has been aroused among the poor women, a large number of Christian people have become interested in their welfare, and similar meetings have been held in Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Dublin, Cardiff, &c., and homes opened in those places, as well as in Plymouth, Exeter, Hull, and Lincoln.

The following are the results: 4,000 women attended the meetings; 23,000 books, tracts and Scripture cards circulated; 89 females restored to friends; 75 placed in service; 6 married; 2 reconciled to husbands; 2 emigrated; 1 placed in business; 81 now in Homes; 30 left the Homes after a short residence; and 343 rescued in the provinces; Total, 629—beside a large number who have given up a life of sin, and sought a way of escape for themselves.

MARK'S MOTHER.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

MARK, the miner, is full fourscore,
But blithe he sits at his cottage door,
Smoking the trusty pipe of clay,
Which hath been his comfort many a day,
In spite of work and weather;
It made his honest heart amends
For the loss of strength and the death of friends;
It cheered his spirit through the lives
And management of three good wives—
But now those trying times are done,
And there they sit in the setting sun,
Mark and his pipe together.

From harvest-field and from pasture-ground,
The peasant people have gathered round:
The times are rusty, the news is scant,
And something like a tale they want
From Mark's unfailing store;
For he is the hamlet's chronicle,
And when so minded, wont to tell
Where their great uncles used to play—
How their grandames looked on the wedding-day—
With all that happened of chance and change,
And all that had passed of great or strange,
For seventy years before.

But on this evening, it is plain,
Mark's mind is not in the telling vein,
He sits in silence and in smoke,
With his thoughts about him like a cloak
Wrapped tight against the blast;
And his eye upon the old church spire,
Where falls the sunset's fading fire—
And all the friends his youth had known
Lie round beneath the turf and stone,
While a younger generation try
To touch the keys of his memory
With questions of the past.

"Good Mark! how looked the Lady Rose,
Whose bower so green in our forest grows,
Whom old men name with a blessing still
For the torrent's bridge, and the village mill,
And the traveller's wayside well?"
"Like my good mother, neighbors dear,
How long she lies in the churchyard here!"
"Well, Mark, that bishop of kindly rule,
Who burned the stocks, and built the school,
How looked his Grace when the church was new?"
"Neighbors, like my good mother, too,
As those who saw could tell."

"Then, Mark, the prince who checked his train,
When the stag passed through your father's grain!"
"Good neighbors, as I live, his look
The light of my blessed mother's took,
As he bade them spare the corn."
Loud laugh the peasants with rustic shout:
"Now, Mark, thy wits are wearing out.
Thy mother was but a homely dame,
With a wrinkled face and a toil-worn frame;
No earthly semblance could she bear
To a bishop learned, and a lady fair,
And a prince to kingdoms born."

"Nay," saith the pastor, passing by,
As the stars came out in the evening sky—
"That homely dame hath a place and part
Time cannot wear from the old man's heart,
Nor many winters wither;
And know ye, friends, that the wise and good
Are all of one gracious brotherhood;
Howe'er their fortunes on earth may stand,
They take the look of their promised land—
So bounteous lady, and bishop kind,
And prince with that royalty of mind,
Were like Mark's blessed mother."

FROM ST. DOMINGO.

THE news from St. Domingo is important, a bloody reaction having taken place against the invasion by Spain. The Kingston (Jam.) *Journal* of 8th June, in reference to affairs in St. Domingo, says that Gén. Santana has succeeded in establishing a reign of terror in the Republic, similar in its features to that which prevailed in France during the first revolution. A system of the severest espionage has been inaugurated, and upon the slightest suspicion of disaffection to the new order of things, the police unceremoniously force their way into private dwellings of the citizens. Numerous arrests of suspected persons—several of them of high social position—have been made, and a great many of those who are obnoxious to him have been summarily condemned and shot by his orders.

The tidings of a popular insurrection in Cibao are confirmed, and in addition we learn that the people of Moca, another province of the Republic, took up arms on the 2d ult. and pulled down the Spanish flag. An engagement between the Spanish troops and the populace took place, and much blood was spilled. In Vega a traitor, Padre moya, who was sold to the Spaniards, raised the Spanish flag in opposition to the wishes of the people, who are pursuing him to put him under arrest. In all parts of the country the Dominicans, roused to a sense of the degradation that has been put upon them, and of their danger, are rising against the Spaniards, determined to defend their nationality by force of arms.

The Spaniards find the work upon their hands growing warmer every day, and a reënforcement has consequently been called for from Porto Rico. It was thought at first that ten thousand soldiers would have been more than sufficient to subjugate the country, but already they begin to feel that twenty thousand will not be too many.

The Spanish officers are described as being very much dissatisfied with the state of things. Provisions are scarce, and living is very dear, and disease has broken out among the military. Out of fifteen hundred men ninety-five had died in a few weeks, and three officers. So prevalent and fatal were disorders of the bowels among the troops that it was suspected that either the bread or the water with which they were supplied was poisoned, and both were analyzed, but found perfectly sound and wholesome. Altogether things appear to be in a deplorable state, and Spain will find that she has undertaken a task of infinitely greater difficulty than was imagined when she entered into an unholy and disgraceful compact with Santana to deprive the Dominicans of their liberties.

From all this the public will see that the statements which have been made, to the effect that it is the desire of the Dominicans themselves to have their country reincorporated with the Spanish monarchy, are utterly false. The people have been most cruelly betrayed by Santana in this matter, and if the Spanish government have a spark of honorable feeling left, they will, upon ascertaining the real state of things—that is, supposing they have not been all along privy to the movements of the traitor, and a party in them—immediately withdraw their troops, and leave the Dominicans to themselves. Meanwhile, the President of Hayti, and the people, feeling their nationality and independence threatened by this business, are making vigorous preparations for war.

The memorial from the public meeting held in Kingston to her Majesty the Queen, on the subject of the annexation of St. Domingo to Spain, and to which we alluded in our last summary, received over 3,500 signatures in a few days, and was forwarded to the Colonial Secretary, through his Excellency the Governor, by the last packet.

ANDERSON IN LONDON.

From The London Star, June 28th.

AT an enthusiastic meeting of the inhabitants of Marylebone, convened for the twofold purpose of raising funds for the benefit of Anderson, the fugitive slave, who has recently arrived from Canada, and for his kinsmen of Hamilton, C. W., to aid them in erecting a church and school, took place at Portman Hall, Carlisle street, Portman Market, on Wednesday night—Rev. Dr. Burns in the chair.

The Rev. T. M. Kinnaird, minister of the colored population in the British M. E. Church of Canada West, first addressed the meeting in an able manner, in which he endeavored to show that the course of appealing to the sympathies of the benevolent of this country for aid to carry out the erection of a church and school in Hamilton was the only way in alleviating the present generation of colored people in that quarter. He dwelt upon the civil war in America, and the evils of slavery in the South, of which Anderson had been one of its suffering victims. He was not surprised at this war, and only wished it had come to pass years ago. He took the present opportunity to inform his hearers that one-half the money collected that evening would be for the erection of this church and school, and the other half for Anderson, who must have something to eat and drink for the present.

John Anderson was received with great and prolonged cheering. He said, in a modest manner: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I am somewhat bashful, not being used to appear before the public. I only want to say a few words how I got along among slave-owners (hear, hear). How I escaped from bondage was, I had to cut them, and in my flight, I am sorry to say, I had to fight and shed blood. I don't like to shed blood (cries of "You did right"). That is what is called fighting—and retreat in war, I believe (hear, hear). I assure you I am very sorry to have done what I did. I tried to evade my pursuer, to avoid killing him; and I told him beforehand what I would do if he continued to follow me—that I would slay him. But he persisted in following me for two or three days longer, and he said he would not leave me, and I slapped him (loud cries of "Bravo," and "You did right"). I went to my wife. I had a young wife and a sick child at the time. I then had to fight with cold steel. I am, indeed, my brothers and sisters, very sorry for having done so, but I had a good reason, and it was a last resource, to avoid being retaken into bondage. I certainly would have escaped if I could without killing the man. I was then a Christian man, and I hope I am now (cheers, and loud cries of "It was a justifiable act"). I had a narrow escape, and but for England I fear I should never again have seen free.

The Rev. Chairman thought if there was any kind of war that was right, he must fully endorse the opinion so loudly expressed by the meeting, and John Anderson did perfectly right (hear). Does our fugitive friend look like a murderer? ("No, no.") In no other country in the wide world besides England would the same intense excitement, trouble and interest be evinced on behalf of a simple fugitive colored man (cries of "Hear," from Anderson and others). And he (the chairman) was proud to say that it did honor to his country and government, and has ended in the complete vindication of their friend Anderson (great applause). He maintained then, as he had done the previous Sunday from his pulpit, that with respect to thorough love of humanity and liberty England stood alone, and no other country would have saved poor Anderson (renewed and prolonged applause). It would beget in colored men throughout the world eternal gratitude to Englishmen, and he rejoiced that his country had done this great thing.

The Rev. Mr. Horner next spoke, and contended, amidst continued applause, that had he been in Anderson's place, Anderson's conduct would have been his. Under his circumstances, he did perfectly right to kill or die.

Mr. Horner announced that a monster meeting was appointed to be held at Exter Hall, on the 2d of July, on behalf of Anderson, and hoped all present would endeavor to